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HOLMES'S
Grandmother's Story
and other Poems

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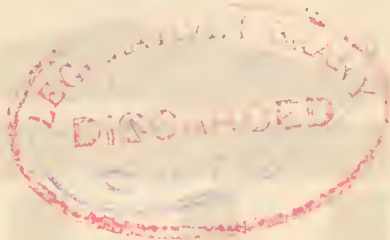
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The Riverside Literature Series

GRANDMOTHER'S STORY

AND OTHER POEMS

BY

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

WITH NOTES AND A
BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH



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OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES was born at Cambridge, Massachusetts, August 29, 1809. The house in which he was born stood between the sites now occupied by the Hemenway Gymnasium and the Law School of Harvard University, and was of historic interest as having been the headquarters of General Artemas Ward, and of the Committee of Safety in the days just before the Revolution. Upon the steps of the house stood President Langdon, of Harvard College, tradition says, and prayed for the men who, halting there a few moments, marched forward under Colonel Prescott's lead to throw up intrenchments on Bunker Hill on the night of June 16, 1775. Dr. Holmes's father carried forward the traditions of the old house, for he was Rev. Dr. Abiel Holmes, whose *American Annals* was the first careful record of American history written after the Revolution.

Born and bred in the midst of historic associations, Holmes had from the first a lively interest in American history and politics, and though possessed of strong humorous gifts often turned his song into patriotic channels, while the current of his literary life was distinctly American.

He began to write poetry when in college at Cambridge, and some of his best-known early pieces, like *Evening, by a Tailor*, *The Meeting of the Dryads*, *The Spectre Pig*, were contributed to the *Collegian*, an undergraduate journal, while he was studying law the year after his graduation. At the

same time he wrote the well-known poem *Old Ironsides*, a protest against the proposed breaking up of the frigate *Constitution*; the poem was printed in the *Boston Daily Advertiser*, and its indignation and fervor carried it through the country, and raised such a popular feeling that the ship was saved from an ignominious destruction. Holmes shortly gave up the study of law, went abroad to study medicine, and returned to take his degree at Harvard in 1836. At the same time he delivered a poem, *Poetry: a Metrical Essay*, before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard, and ever afterward his profession of medicine and his love of literature received his united care and thought. In 1838 he was appointed Professor of Anatomy and Physiology at Dartmouth College, but remained there only a year or two, when he returned to Boston, married, and practised medicine. In 1847 he was made Parkman Professor of Anatomy and Physiology in the Medical School of Harvard College, a position which he retained until the close of 1882, when he retired, to devote himself more exclusively to literature.

In 1857, when the *Atlantic Monthly* was established, Professor Lowell, who was asked to be editor, consented on condition that Dr. Holmes should be a regular contributor. Dr. Holmes at that time was known as the author of a number of poems of grace, life, and wit, and he had published several professional papers and books, but his brilliancy as a talker gave him a strong local reputation, and Lowell shrewdly guessed that he would bring to the new magazine a singularly fresh and unusual power. He was right, for *The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table*, beginning in the first number, unquestionably insured the *Atlantic* its early success. The readers of the day had forgotten that Holmes, twenty-five years before, had begun a series with the same title in Buckingham's *New England Magazine*, a periodical of short life, so they did not at first understand why he should begin his first article, "I was just going to say when

I was interrupted." From that time Dr. Holmes was a frequent contributor to the magazine, and in it appeared successively, *The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table*, *The Professor at the Breakfast-Table*, *The Professor's Story* (afterward called *Elsie Venner*), *The Guardian Angel*, *The Poet at the Breakfast-Table*, *The New Portfolio* (afterward called *A Mortal Antipathy*), *Our Hundred Days in Europe*, and *Over the Teacups*, — prose papers and stories with occasional insertion of verse; here also were first printed the many poems which he wrote so freely and so happily for festivals and public occasions, including the frequent poems at the yearly meetings of his college class. The wit and humor which have made his poetry so well known would never have given him his high rank had they not been associated with an admirable art which makes every word necessary and felicitous, and a generous nature which is quick to seize upon what touches a common life.

Dr. Holmes died at his home in Boston October 7, 1894. His life has been written by his wife's nephew, John T. Morse, Jr., and is published under the title *Life and Letters of Oliver Wendell Holmes*.

GRANDMOTHER'S STORY OF BUNKER HILL BATTLE.

AS SHE SAW IT FROM THE BELFRY.

[This poem was first published in 1875, in connection with the centenary of the battle of Bunker Hill. The belfry could hardly have been that of Christ Church, since tradition says that General Gage was stationed there watching the battle, and we may make it to be what was known as the New Brick Church, built in 1721, on Hanover, corner of Richmond Street, Boston, rebuilt of stone in 1845, and pulled down at the widening of Hanover Street in 1871. There are many narratives of the battle of Bunker Hill. Frothingham's *History of the Siege of Boston* is one of the most comprehensive accounts, and has furnished material for many popular narratives. The centennial celebration of the battle called out magazine and newspaper articles, which give the story with little variation. There are not many disputed points in connection with the event, the principal one being the discussion as to who was the chief officer.]

'T IS like stirring living embers when, at eighty, one
remembers

All the achings and the quakings of "the times that
tried men's souls ;"

2. In December, 1776, Thomas Paine, whose *Common Sense* had so remarkable a popularity as the first homely expression of public opinion on Independence, began issuing a series of tracts called *The Crisis*, eighteen numbers of which appeared. The familiar words quoted by the grandmother must often have been

When I talk of *Whig* and *Tory*, when I tell the *Rebel*
 story,
 To you the words are ashes, but to me they're burn-
 ing coals.

I had heard the muskets' rattle of the April running
 battle ;
 Lord Percy's hunted soldiers, I can see their red coats
 still ;
 But a deadly chill comes o'er me, as the day looms up
 before me,
 When a thousand men lay bleeding on the slopes of
 Bunker's Hill.

heard and used by her. They begin the first number of *The Crisis*: "These are the times that try men's souls : the summer soldier and the sunshine patriot will, in this crisis, shrink from the service of his country ; but he that stands it now deserves the love and thanks of man and woman."

3. The terms *Whig* and *Tory* were applied to the two parties in England who represented, respectively, the Whigs political and religious liberty, the Tories royal prerogative and ecclesiastical authority. The names first came into use in 1679 in the struggles at the close of Charles II.'s reign, and continued in use until a generation or so ago, when they gave place to somewhat corresponding terms of Liberal and Conservative. At the breaking out of the war for Independence, the Whigs in England opposed the measures taken by the crown in the management of the American colonies, while the Tories supported the crown. The names were naturally applied in America to the patriotic party, who were termed Whigs, and the loyalist party, termed Tories. The Tories in turn called the patriots rebels.

5. The Lexington and Concord affair of April 19, 1775, when Lord Percy's soldiers retreated in a disorderly manner to Charlestown, annoyed on the way by the Americans who followed and accompanied them.

'T was a peaceful summer's morning, when the first
thing gave us warning
Was the booming of the cannon from the river and
the shore : 10
" Child," says grandma, " what 's the matter, what is
all this noise and clatter?
Have those scalping Indian devils come to murder us
once more ? "

Poor old soul ! my sides were shaking in the midst of
all my quaking,
To hear her talk of Indians when the guns began to
roar :
She had seen the burning village, and the slaughter
and the pillage, 15
When the Mohawks killed her father with their bul-
lets through his door.

Then I said, " Now, dear old granny, don't you fret
and worry any,
For I 'll soon come back and tell you whether this is
work or play ;
There can't be mischief in it, so I won't be gone a
minute " —
For a minute then I started. I was gone the livelong
day. 20

No time for bodice-lacing or for looking-glass grima-
cing ;

16. The Mohawks, a formidable part of the Six Nations, were held in great dread, as they were the most cruel and warlike of all the tribes. In connection with the French they fell upon the frontier settlements during Queen Anne's war, early in the eighteenth century, and committed terrible deeds, long remembered in New England households.

Down my hair went as I hurried, tumbling half-way
to my heels ;
God forbid your ever knowing, when there's blood
around her flowing,
How the lonely, helpless daughter of a quiet house-
hold feels !

In the street I heard a thumping ; and I knew it was
the stumping 25
Of the Corporal, our old neighbor, on the wooden leg
he wore,
With a knot of women round him, — it was lucky I
had found him,
So I followed with the others, and the Corporal
marched before.

They were making for the steeple, — the old soldier .
and his people ;
The pigeons circled round us as we climbed the creak-
ing stair, 30
Just across the narrow river — Oh, so close it made
me shiver ! —
Stood a fortress on the hill-top that but yesterday was
bare.

Not slow our eyes to find it ; well we knew who stood
behind it,
Though the earthwork hid them from us, and the stub-
born walls were dumb :
Here were sister, wife, and mother, looking wild upon
each other, 35
And their lips were white with terror as they said,
THE HOUR HAS COME !

The morning slowly wasted, not a morsel had we
tasted,
And our heads were almost splitting with the cannons'
deafening thrill,
When a figure tall and stately round the rampart
strode sedately ;
It was PRESCOTT, one since told me ; he commanded
on the hill. 40

Every woman's heart grew bigger when we saw his
manly figure,
With the banyan buckled round it, standing up so
straight and tall ;
Like a gentleman of leisure who is strolling out for
pleasure,
Through the storm of shells and cannon-shot he
walked around the wall.

At eleven the streets were swarming, for the red-coats'
ranks were forming ; 45
At noon in marching order they were moving to the
piers ;
How the bayonets gleamed and glistened, as we looked
far down, and listened
To the trampling and the drum-beat of the belted
grenadiers !

40. Colonel William Prescott, who commanded the detachment which marched from Cambridge, June 16, 1775, to fortify Breed's Hill, was the grandfather of William Hickling Prescott, the historian. He was in the field during the entire battle of the 17th, in command of the redoubt.

42. *Banyan* — a flowered morning gown which Prescott is said to have worn during the hot day, a good illustration of the unmilitary appearance of the soldiers engaged. His nonchalant walk upon the parapets is also a historic fact, and was for the encouragement of the troops within the redoubt.



Pyle

WATCHING THE BATTLE

At length the men have started, with a cheer (it
seemed faint-hearted),
In their scarlet regimentals, with their knapsacks on
their backs, 50
And the reddening, rippling water, as after a sea-
fight's slaughter,
Round the barges gliding onward blushed like blood
along their tracks.

So they crossed to the other border, and again they
formed in order ;
And the boats came back for soldiers, came for sol-
diers, soldiers still :
The time seemed everlasting to us women faint and
fasting, — 55
At last they're moving, marching, marching proudly
up the hill.

We can see the bright steel glancing all along the
lines advancing —
Now the front rank fires a volley — they have thrown
away their shot ;
For behind their earthwork lying, all the balls above
them flying,
Our people need not hurry ; so they wait and answer
not. 60

Then the Corporal, our old cripple (he would swear
sometimes and tippie), —
He had heard the bullets whistle (in the old French
war) before, —

62. Many of the officers as well as men on the American side
had become familiarized with service through the old French
war, which came to an end in 1763.

Calls out in words of jeering, just as if they all were
 hearing, —
 And his wooden leg thumps fiercely on the dusty bel-
 fry floor : —

“ Oh ! fire away, ye villains, and earn King George’s
 shillin’s, 65
 But ye ’ll waste a ton of powder afore a ‘ rebel ’ falls ;
 You may bang the dirt and welcome, they ’re as safe
 as Dan’l Malcolm
 Ten foot beneath the gravestone that you’ve splin-
 tered with your balls ! ”

In the hush of expectation, in the awe and trepidation
 Of the dread approaching moment, we are well-nigh
 breathless all ; 70
 Though the rotten bars are failing on the rickety bel-
 fry railing,
 We are crowding up against them like the waves
 against a wall.

67. Dr. Holmes makes the following note to this line : “ The following epitaph is still to be read on a tall gravestone, standing as yet undisturbed among the transplanted monuments of the dead in Copp’s Hill Burial Ground, one of the three city [Boston] cemeteries which have been desecrated and ruined within my own remembrance : —

“ Here lies buried in a
 Stone Grave 10 feet deep
Capt. DANIEL MALCOLM Mercht
 Who departed this Life
 October 23, 1769,
 Aged 44 years,
 A true son of Liberty,
 A Friend to the Publick,
 An Enemy to oppression,
 And one of the foremost
In opposing the Revenue Acts
 On America.”

Just a glimpse (the air is clearer), they are nearer,
— nearer, — nearer,
When a flash — a curling smoke-wreath — then a
crash — the steeple shakes —
The deadly truce is ended ; the tempest's shroud is
rended ; 75
Like a morning mist it gathered, like a thunder-cloud
it breaks!

O the sight our eyes discover as the blue-black smoke
blows over!
The red-coats stretched in windrows as a mower rakes
his hay ;
Here a scarlet heap is lying, there a headlong crowd
is flying
Like a billow that has broken and is shivered into
spray. 80

Then we cried, "The troops are routed! they are
beat — it can't be doubted!
God be thanked, the fight is over!" — Ah! the grim
old soldier's smile!
"Tell us, tell us why you look so?" (we could hardly
speak we shook so), —
"Are they beaten? *Are* they beaten? ARE they
beaten?" — "Wait a while."

O the trembling and the terror! for too soon we saw
our error: 85
They are baffled, not defeated; we have driven them
back in vain;
And the columns that were scattered, round the colors
that were tattered,
Toward the sullen silent fortress turn their belted
breasts again.

All at once, as we were gazing, lo ! the roofs of Charles-
town blazing !

They have fired the harmless village ; in an hour it
will be down ! 90

The Lord in Heaven confound them, rain his fire and
brimstone round them, —

The robbing, murdering red-coats, that would burn a
peaceful town !

They are marching, stern and solemn ; we can see
each massive column

As they near the naked earth-mound with the slanting
walls so steep.

Have our soldiers got faint-hearted, and in noiseless
haste departed ? 95

Are they panic-struck and helpless ? Are they palsied
or asleep ?

Now ! the walls they 're almost under ! scarce a rod
the foes asunder !

Not a firelock flashed against them ! up the earthwork
they will swarm !

But the words have scarce been spoken when the
ominous calm is broken,

And a bellowing crash has emptied all the vengeance
of the storm ! 100

So again, with murderous slaughter, pelted backwards
to the water,

Fly Pigot's running heroes and the frightened braves
of Howe ;

102. The generals on the British side were Howe, Clinton,
and Pigot.

And we shout, "At last they're done for, it's their barges they have run for :
They are beaten, beaten, beaten ; and the battle's over now !"

And we looked, poor timid creatures, on the rough old soldier's features, 105
Our lips afraid to question, but he knew what we would ask :
"Not sure," he said ; "keep quiet, — once more, I guess, they'll try it —
Here's damnation to the cut-throats !" — then he handed me his flask,

Saying, "Gal, you're looking shaky ; have a drop of Old Jamaiky ;
I'm afeard there'll be more trouble afore the job is done ;" 110
So I took one scorching swallow ; dreadful faint I felt and hollow,
Standing there from early morning when the firing was begun.

All through those hours of trial I had watched a calm clock dial,
As the hands kept creeping, creeping, — they were creeping round to four,
When the old man said, "They're forming with their bagonets fixed for storming : 115
It's the death-grip that's a coming, — they will try the works once more."

With brazen trumpets blaring, the flames behind them glaring,

The deadly wall before them, in close array they
come ;
Still onward, upward toiling, like a dragon's fold un-
coiling, —
Like the rattlesnake's shrill warning the reverberating
drum !

120

Over heaps all torn and gory — shall I tell the fearful
story,
How they surged above the breastwork, as a sea
breaks over a deck ;
How, driven, yet scarce defeated, our worn-out men
retreated,
With their powder-horns all emptied, like the swim-
mers from a wreck ?

It has all been told and painted ; as for me, they say
I fainted,
And the wooden-legged old Corporal stumped with
me down the stair :
When I woke from dreams affrighted the evening
lamps were lighted, —
On the floor a youth was lying ; his bleeding breast
was bare.

125

And I heard through all the flurry, "Send for WAR-
REN! hurry! hurry!
Tell him here's a soldier bleeding, and he'll come
and dress his wound!"
Ah, we knew not till the morrow told its tale of death
and sorrow,

130

129. Dr. Joseph Warren, of equal note at the time as a medi-
cal man and a patriot. He was a volunteer in the battle, and
fell there, the most serious loss on the American side.

How the starlight found him stiffened on the dark
and bloody ground.

Who the youth was, what his name was, where the
place from which he came was,
Who had brought him from the battle, and had left
him at our door,
He could not speak to tell us ; but 't was one of our
brave fellows, 135
As the homespun plainly showed us which the dying
soldier wore.

For they all thought he was dying, as they gathered
round him crying, —
And they said, “ Oh, how they 'll miss him ! ” and,
“ What *will* his mother do ? ”
Then, his eyelids just unclosing like a child's that has
been dozing,
He faintly murmured, “ Mother ! ” — and — I saw
his eyes were blue. 140

— “ Why grandma, how you 're winking ! ” — Ah, my
child, it sets me thinking
Of a story not like this one. Well, he somehow lived
along ;
So we came to know each other, and I nursed him like
a — mother,
Till at last he stood before me, tall, and rosy-cheeked,
and strong.

And we sometimes walked together in the pleasant
summer weather ; 145
— “ Please to tell us what his name was ? ” — Just
your own, my little dear,

There 's his picture Copley painted: we became so
 well acquainted,
 That, — in short, that 's why I 'm grandma, and
 you children are all here ! ”

HOW THE OLD HORSE WON THE BET.

DEDICATED BY A CONTRIBUTOR TO THE COLLEGIAN, 1830, TO
 THE EDITORS OF THE HARVARD ADVOCATE, 1876.

'T WAS on the famous trotting-ground,
 The betting men were gathered round
 From far and near ; the “ cracks ” were there
 Whose deeds the sporting prints declare :
 5 The swift g. m., Old Hiram's nag,
 The fleet s. h., Dan Pfeiffer's brag,
 With these a third — and who is he
 That stands beside his fast b. g. ?
 Budd Doble, whose catarrhal name
 10 So fills the nasal trump of fame.
 There too stood many a noted steed
 Of Messenger and Morgan breed ;
 Green horses also, not a few ;
 Unknown as yet what they could do ;
 15 And all the hacks that know so well
 The scourgings of the Sunday swell.

Blue are the skies of opening day ;
 The bordering turf is green with May ;

147. John Singleton Copley was a portrait painter of celebrity, who was born in America in 1737, and painted many famous portraits, which hang in private and public galleries in Boston and vicinity chiefly. He lived in England the latter half of his life, dying there in 1815.

5. g. m. *gray mare*.

6. s. h. *sorrel horse*.

8. b. g. *bay gelding*.

The sunshine's golden gleam is thrown
20 On sorrel, chestnut, bay, and roan ;
The horses paw and prance and neigh,
Fillies and colts like kittens play,
And dance and toss their rippled manes
Shining and soft as silken skeins ;
25 Wagons and gigs are ranged about,
And fashion flaunts her gay turn-out ;
Here stands — each youthful Jehu's dream —
The jointed tandem, ticklish team !
And there in ampler breadth expand
30 The splendors of the four-in-hand ;
On faultless ties and glossy tiles
The lovely bonnets beam their smiles ;
(The style 's the man, so books avow ;
The style 's the woman, anyhow) ;
35 From flonnces frothed with creamy lace
Peeps out the pug-dog's smutty face,
Or spaniel rolls his liquid eye,
Or stares the wiry pet of Skye —
O woman, in your hours of ease
40 So shy with us, so free with these !

“ Come on ! I 'll bet you two to one
I 'll make him do it ! ” “ Will you ? Done ! ”

What was it who was bound to do ?
I did not hear and can't tell you, —
45 Pray listen till my story 's through.

Scarcely noticed, back behind the rest,
By cart and wagon rudely prest,
The parson's lean and bony bay
Stood harnessed in his one-horse shay —
50 Lent to his sexton for the day ;

(A funeral — so the sexton said ;
His mother's uncle's wife was dead.)

Like Lazarus bid to Dives' feast,
So looked the poor forlorn old beast ;
55 His coat was rough, his tail was bare,
The gray was sprinkled in his hair ;
Sportsmen and jockeys knew him not
And yet they say he once could trot
Among the fleetest of the town,
60 Till something cracked and broke him down, --
The steed's, the statesman's, common lot !
“ And are we then so soon forgot ? ”
Ah me ! I doubt if one of you
Has ever heard the name “ Old Blue,”
65 Whose fame through all this region rung
In those old days when I was young !

“ Bring forth the horse ! ” Alas ! he showed
Not like the one Mazeppa rode ;
Scant-maned, sharp-backed, and shaky-kneed,
70 The wreck of what was once a steed,
Lips thin, eyes hollow, stiff in joints ;
Yet not without his knowing points.
The sexton laughing in his sleeve,
As if 't were all a make-believe,
75 Led forth the horse, and as he laughed
Unhitched the breeching from a shaft,
Unclasped the rusty belt beneath,
Drew forth the snaffle from his teeth,
Slipped off his head-stall, set him free
80 From strap and rein, — a sight to see !

So worn, so lean in every limb,
It can't be they are saddling him !

It is ! his back the pig-skin strides
 And flaps his lank, rheumatic sides ;
 85 With look of mingled scorn and mirth
 They buckle round the saddle-girth ;
 With horsey wink and saucy toss
 A youngster throws his leg across,
 And so, his rider on his back,
 90 They lead him, limping, to the track,
 Far up behind the starting-point,
 To limber out each stiffened joint.

As through the jeering crowd he past,
 One pitying look old Hiram cast ;
 95 " Go it, ye cripple, while ye can ! "
 Cried out unsentimental Dan ;
 " A Fast-Day dinner for the crows ! "
 Budd Doble's scoffing shout arose.

Slowly, as when the walking-beam
 100 First feels the gathering head of steam,
 With warning cough and threatening wheeze
 The stiff old charger crooks his knees ;
 At first with cautious step sedate,
 As if he dragged a coach of state ;
 105 He 's not a colt ; he knows full well
 That time is weight and sure to tell ;
 No horse so sturdy but he fears
 The handicap of twenty years.

As through the throng on either hand
 110 The old horse nears the judges' stand,
 Beneath his jockey's feather-weight
 He warms a little to his gait,
 And now and then a step is tried
 That hints of something like a stride.

- 115 "Go!" — Through his ear the summons stung
As if a battle-trump had rung;
The slumbering instincts long unstirred
Start at the old familiar word;
It thrills like flame through every limb —
120 What mean his twenty years to him?
The savage blow his driver dealt
Fell on his hollow flanks unfelt;
The spur that pricked his staring hide
Unheeded tore his bleeding side;
125 Alike to him are spur and rein, —
He steps a five-year-old again!

- Before the quarter pole was past,
Old Hiram said, "He's going fast."
Long ere the quarter was a half,
130 The chuckling crowd had ceased to laugh;
Tighter his frightened jockey clung
As in a mighty stride he swung,
The gravel flying in his track,
His neck stretched out, his ears laid back,
135 His tail extended all the while
Behind him like a rat-tail file!
Off went a shoe, — away it spun,
Shot like a bullet from a gun;
The quaking jockey shapes a prayer
140 From scraps of oaths he used to swear;
He drops his whip, he drops his rein,
He clutches fiercely for a mane;
He'll lose his hold — he sways and reels —
He'll slide beneath those trampling heels!
145 The knees of many a horseman quake,
The flowers on many a bonnet shake,

And shouts arise from left and right,
 "Stick on! Stick on!" "Hould tight! Hould
 tight!"

"Cling round his neck and don't let go —

150 That pace can't hold — there! steady! whoa!"

But like the sable steed that bore
 The spectral lover of Lenore,
 His nostrils snorting foam and fire,
 No stretch his bony limbs can tire;

155 And now the stand he rushes by,
 And "Stop him! — stop him!" is the cry.
 Stand back! he's only just begun —
 He's having out three heats in one!

"Don't rush in front! he'll smash your brains;

160 But follow up and grab the reins!"

Old Hiram spoke. Dan Pfeiffer heard,
 And sprang impatient at the word;
 Budd Doble started on his bay,
 Old Hiram followed on his gray,

165 And off they spring, and round they go,
 The fast ones doing "all they know."

Look! twice they follow at his heels,
 As round the circling course he wheels,
 And whirls with him that clinging boy

170 Like Hector round the walls of Troy;
 Still on, and on, the third time round!

They're tailing off! they're losing ground!

Budd Doble's nag begins to fail!

Dan Pfeiffer's sorrel whisks his tail!

175 And see! in spite of whip and shout,

Old Hiram's mare is giving out!

Now for the finish! at the turn,

The old horse — all the rest astern —

Comes swinging in, with easy trot ;
 180 By Jove ! he 's distanced all the lot !
 That trot no mortal could explain ;
 Some said, " Old Dutchman come again ! "
 Some took his time, — at least they tried,
 But what it was could none decide ;
 185 One said he could n't understand
 What happened to his second-hand ;
 One said 2.10 ; *that* could n't be —
 More like two twenty two or three ;
 Old Hiram settled it at last ;
 190 " The time was two — too dee-vel-ish fast ! "

The parson's horse had won the bet ;
 It cost him something of a sweat ;
 Back in the one-horse shay he went ;
 The parson wondered what it meant,
 195 And murmured, with a mild surprise
 And pleasant twinkle of the eyes,
 " That funeral must have been a trick,
 Or corpses drive at double-quick ;
 I should n't wonder, I declare,
 200 If brother — Jehu — made the prayer ! "

And this is all I have to say
 About that tough old trotting bay.
 Huddup ! Huddup ! G'lang ! — Good-day !

Moral for which this tale is told :
 205 A horse *can* trot, for all he 's old.

AN APPEAL FOR "THE OLD SOUTH."¹

"While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand;
When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fail."

FULL sevenscore years our city's pride —
The comely Southern spire —
Has cast its shadow and defied
The storm, the foe, the fire ;
5 Sad is the sight our eyes behold ;
Woe to the three-hilled town,
When through the land the tale is told —
"The brave 'Old South' is down !"

Let darkness blot the starless dawn
10 That hears our children tell,
"Here rose the walls, now wrecked and gone,
Our fathers loved so well ;

¹ The Old South Meeting-house, an historic landmark of Boston, standing at the corner of Washington and Milk Streets, was built in the year 1730 ; it is the oldest church in the city, and perhaps the most noted in the United States ; in 1775 the British soldiers occupied it as a riding-school and place for cavalry drill, and established a grog-shop in the lower gallery.

In 1876 the Old South Society sold the structure, to be torn down and replaced by other buildings ; but certain Bostonians, unwilling to have this done, bought the building and the land on which it stands, for about \$430,000, with the intention of handing the property over to the Preservation Committee as soon as this amount should be secured. This poem is one of the many efforts that were made to prevent the destruction of "The Old South."

The church now contains curious historic relics ; it is open daily, and the entrance fee (25 cents) goes towards the Preservation Fund.

6. Beacon Hill ; Copp's Hill ; Fort Hill (now removed).

Here, while his brethren stood aloof,
The herald's blast was blown
15 That shook St. Stephen's pillared roof
And rocked King George's throne!

"The home-bound wanderer of the main
Looked from his deck afar,
To where the gilded, glittering vane
20 Shone like the evening star,
And pilgrim feet from every clime
The floor with reverence trod,
Where holy memories made sublime
The shrine of Freedom's God!"

25 The darkened skies, alas! have seen
Our monarch tree laid low,
And spread in ruins o'er the green,
But Nature struck the blow;
No scheming thrift its downfall planned,
30 It felt no edge of steel,
No soulless hireling raised his hand
The deadly stroke to deal.

In bridal garlands, pale and mute,
Stul pleads the storied tower;
35 These are the blossoms, but the fruit
Awaits the golden shower;

15. At the time of the Revolution the meetings of Parliament were held in St. Stephen's Hall.

26. "The Old Elm" on Boston Common was, so far as known, the oldest tree in New England; in 1860 nearly 200 rings were counted on a branch that was broken off by a gale. The tree was blown down in 1876.

The spire still greets the morning sun, —
Say, shall it stand or fall?
Help, ere the spoiler has begun!
40 Help, each, and God help all!

A BALLAD OF THE BOSTON TEA-PARTY.¹

No! never such a draught was poured
Since Hebe served with neectar
The bright Olympians and their Lord,
Her over-kind protector, —

¹ December 14, 1773. The attempt of the British government to tax the American colonies when they had no representation in Parliament had been strenuously resisted. A bill repealing all duties excepting a duty of three pence a pound on tea had been passed by Parliament. But the colonists, believing that a tax was an infringement of their rights, resolved that England should not succeed in collecting any duties whatever.

“Three tea-ships came to Boston. The master of the first which arrived was persuaded to consent to take his freight back to England. But the collector held that he could give no clearance until the imported cargo was landed and the legal duties paid. The master then applied to the governor for a pass to prevent his being stopped at the Castle. But the governor said no such pass could be legally given till a clearance had been obtained at the Custom-house. While the master was on this errand to the governor’s country house at Milton the inhabitants of Boston were assembled in town-meeting at the Old South Church. When the answer was brought back, which was not till after dark, a shout was heard without, and a body of some fifty men, roughly dressed as (Mohawk) Indians, passed down Milk Street to the wharf where the tea-ships lay. The meeting at the church was immediately dissolved, and a portion of the assembly following, stood by as a guard against interruption, while the disguised party did their work. They passed up from the holds of the vessels some three hundred and fifty chests of tea, broke them open with hatchets, and poured their contents

3 Since Father Noah squeezed the grape
And took to such behaving
As would have shamed our grandsire ape
Before the days of shaving, —
No ! ne'er was mingled such a draught
10 In palace, hall, or arbor,
As freemen brewed and tyrants quaffed
That night in Boston Harbor !
It kept King George so long awake
His brain at last got addled,
15 It made the nerves of Britain shake,
With sevenscore millions saddled ;
Before that bitter cup was drained,
Amid the roar of cannon,
The Western war-cloud's crimson stained
20 The Thames, the Clyde, the Shannon ;
Full many a six-foot grenadier
The flattened grass had measured,
And many a mother many a year
Her tearful memories treasured ;
25 Fast spread the tempest's darkening pall,
The mighty realms were troubled.
The storm broke loose, but first of all
The Boston teapot bubbled !

An evening party, — only that,
30 No formal invitation,
No gold-laced coat, no stiff cravat,
No feast in contemplation,

into the dock. The next morning all was quiet. The doers of the bold act remained unknown. The governor went to the Castle for a night. He thought of issuing a proclamation, but concluded that it would only be ridiculed. He could get no encouragement from his Council to take any measure." — *Pal-frey's History of New England*.



THE BOSTON TEA-PARTY



No silk-robed dames, no fiddling band,
 No flowers, no songs, no dancing, —
 36 A tribe of Red men, axe in hand, —
 Behold the guests advancing !
 How fast the stragglers join the throng,
 From stall and workshop gathered !
 The lively barber skips along
 40 And leaves a chin half-lathered ;
 The smith has flung his hammer down, —
 The horseshoe still is glowing ;
 The truant tapster at the Crown
 Has left a beer-cask flowing ;
 45 The cooper's boys have dropped the adze,
 And trot behind their master ;
 Up run the tarry ship-yard lads, —
 The crowd is hurrying faster, —
 Out from the Millpond's purlieus gush
 50 The streams of white-faced millers,
 And down their slippery alleys rush
 The lusty young Fort-Hillers ;
 The ropewalk lends its 'prentice crew, —
 The tories seize the omen :
 55 " Ay, boys, you 'll soon have work to do
 For England's rebel foemen,
 ' King Hancock,' Adams, and their gang,
 That fire the mob with treason, —
 When these we shoot and those we hang
 60 The town will come to reason."

On — on to where the tea-ships ride !
 And now their ranks are forming, —
 A rush, and up the Dartmouth's side
 The Mohawk band is swarming !
 55 See the fierce natives ! What a glimpse
 Of paint and fur and feather,

As all at once the full-grown imps
 Light on the deck together !
 A scarf the pigtail's secret keeps,
 70 A blanket hides the breeches, —
 And out the cursèd cargo leaps,
 And overboard it pitches !

O woman, at the evening board
 So gracious, sweet, and purring,
 75 So happy while the tea is poured,
 So blest while spoons are stirring,
 What martyr can compare with thee,
 The mother, wife, or daughter,
 That night, instead of West Bohea,
 80 Condemned to milk and water !

Ah, little dreams the quiet dame
 Who plies with rock and spindle
 The patient flax, how great a flame
 Yon little spark shall kindle !
 85 The lurid morning shall reveal
 A fire no king can smother
 Where British flint and Boston steel
 Have clashed against each other !
 Old charters shrivel in its track,
 90 His Worship's bench has crumbled,
 It climbs and clasps the union-jack,
 Its blazoned pomp is humbled,
 The flags go down on land and sea
 Like corn before the reapers ;
 95 So burned the fire that brewed the tea
 That Boston served her keepers !

69. At this time, 1773, and until near the end of the century,
 it was the fashion to wear wigs tied in a queue (pigtail) behind.

The waves that wrought a century's wreck
Have rolled o'er whig and tory ;
The Mohawks on the Dartmouth's deck
100 Still live in song and story ;
The waters in the rebel bay
Have kept the tea-leaf savor ;
Our old North-Enders in their spray
Still taste a Hyson flavor ;
105 And Freedom's tea-cup still o'erflows
With ever fresh libations,
To cheat of slumber all her foes
And cheer the wakening nations !
1874.

THE BALLAD OF THE OYSTERMAN.

It was a tall young oysterman lived by the river-side,
His shop was just upon the bank, his boat was on
the tide ;
The daughter of a fisherman, that was so straight
and slim,
Lived over on the other bank, right opposite to him.
5 It was the pensive oysterman that saw a lovely
maid,
Upon a moonlight evening, a sitting in the shade ;
He saw her wave her handkerchief, as much as if to
say,
"I'm wide awake, young oysterman, and all the
folks away."
Then up arose the oysterman, and to himself said he,
10 "I guess I'll leave the skiff at home, for fear that
folks should see ;

I read it in the story-book, that, for to kiss his dear,
Leander swam the Hellespont, — and I will swim
this here.”

And he has leaped into the waves, and crossed the
shining stream,
And he has clambered up the bank, all in the moon-
light gleam ;

15 Oh there were kisses sweet as dew, and words as
soft as rain, —
But they have heard her father’s step, and in he
leaps again !

Out spoke the ancient fisherman, — “ Oh, what was
that, my daughter ? ”

“ ’T was nothing but a pebble, sir, I threw into the
water.”

“ And what is that, pray tell me, love, that paddles
off so fast ? ”

20 “ It ’s nothing but a porpoise, sir, that ’s been
a-swimming past.”

Out spoke the ancient fisherman, — “ Now bring
me my harpoon !

I ’ll get into my fishing-boat, and fix the fellow
soon.”

Down fell that pretty innocent, as falls a snow-
white lamb,

Her hair drooped round her pallid cheeks, like sea-
weed on a clam.

25 Alas for those two loving ones ! she waked not
from her swoond,

And he was taken with the cramp, and in the waves
was drowned ;

But Fate has metamorphosed them, in pity of their
 woe,
And now they keep an oyster-shop for mermaids
 down below.

REFLECTIONS OF A PROUD PEDESTRIAN.

I SAW the curl of his waving lash,
 And the glance of his knowing eye,
And I knew that he thought he was cutting a dash
 As his steed went thundering by.

5 And he may ride in the rattling gig,
 Or flourish the stanhope gay,
And dream that he looks exceeding big
 To the people that walk in the way ;

But he shall think, when the night is still,
10 On the stable-boy's gathering numbers,
And the ghost of many a veteran bill
 Shall hover around his slumbers ;

The ghastly dun shall worry his sleep,
 And constables cluster around him,
15 And he shall creep from the wood-hole deep
 Where their spectre eyes have found him !

Ay ! gather your reins, and crack your thong,
 And bid your steed go faster ;
He does not know as he scrambles along,
20 That he has a fool for his master ;

And hurry away on your lonely ride,
 Nor deign from the mire to save me ;

I will paddle it stoutly at your side
With the tandem that nature gave me !

EVENING.

BY A TAILOR.

DAY hath put on his jacket, and around
His burning bosom buttoned it with stars.
Here will I lay me on the velvet grass,
That is like padding to earth's meagre ribs,
5 And hold communion with the things about me.
Ah me ! how lovely is the golden braid
That binds the skirt of night's descending robe !
The thin leaves, quivering on their silken threads,
Do make a music like to rustling satin,
10 As the light breezes smooth their downy nap.

Ha ! what is this that rises to my touch,
So like a cushion ? Can it be a cabbage ?
It is, it is that deeply injured flower,
Which boys do flout us with ;—but yet I love
thee,
15 Thou giant rose, wrapped in a green surtout.
Doubtless in Eden thou didst blush as bright
As these, thy puny brethren ; and thy breath
Sweetened the fragrance of her spicy air ;
But now thou seemest like a bankrupt beau,
20 Stripped of his gaudy hues and essences,
And growing portly in his sober garments.

Is that a swan that rides upon the water ?
Oh no, it is that other gentle bird,

Which is the patron of our noble calling.
25 I well remember, in my early years,
When these young hands first closed upon a goose ;
I have a scar upon my thimble finger,
Which chronicles the hour of young ambition.
My father was a tailor, and his father,
30 And my sire's grandsire, all of them were tailors ;
They had an ancient goose, — it was an heirloom
From some remoter tailor of our race.
It happened I did see it on a time
When none was near, and I did deal with it,
35 And it did burn me, — oh, most fearfully !

It is a joy to straighten out one's limbs,
And leap elastic from the level counter,
Leaving the petty grievances of earth,
The breaking thread, the din of clashing shears,
40 And all the needles that do wound the spirit,
For such a pensive hour of soothing silence.
Kind Nature, shuffling in her loose undress,
Lays bare her shady bosom ; — I can feel
With all around me ; — I can hail the flowers
45 That sprig earth's mantle, — and yon quiet bird,
That rides the stream, is to me as a brother.
The vulgar know not all the hidden pockets,
Where Nature stows away her loveliness.
But this unnatural posture of the legs
50 Cramps my extended calves, and I must go
Where I can coil them in their wonted fashion.

THE PLOUGHMAN.

ANNIVERSARY OF THE BERKSHIRE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY,
OCTOBER 4, 1849.

CLEAR the brown path, to meet his coulter's gleam!
Lo! on he comes, behind his smoking team,
With toil's bright dew-drops on his sunburnt brow,
The lord of earth, the hero of the plough!

6 First in the field before the reddening sun,
Last in the shadows when the day is done,
Line after line, along the bursting sod,
Marks the broad acres where his feet have trod;
Still where he treads, the stubborn clods divide,
10 The smooth, fresh furrow opens deep and wide;
Matted and dense the tangled turf upheaves,
Mellow and dark the ridgy cornfield cleaves;
Up the steep hillside, where the laboring train
Slants the long track that scores the level plain;
15 Through the moist valley, clogged with oozing clay,
The patient convoy breaks its destined way;
At every turn the loosening chains resound,
The swinging ploughshare circles glistening round,
Till the wide field one billowy waste appears,
20 And wearied hands unbind the panting steers.

These are the hands whose sturdy labor brings
The peasant's food, the golden pomp of kings;
This is the page whose letters shall be seen
Changed by the sun to words of living green;
25 This is the scholar whose immortal pen
Spells the first lesson hunger taught to men;

These are the lines which heaven-commanded Toil
Shows on his deed, — the charter of the soil !

O gracious Mother, whose benignant breast
20 Wakes us to life, and lulls us all to rest,
How thy sweet features, kind to every clime,
Mock with their smile the wrinkled front of time !
We stain thy flowers, — they blossom o'er the dead ;
We rend thy bosom, and it gives us bread ;
35 O'er the red field that trampling strife has torn,
Waves the green plumage of thy tasselled corn ;
Our maddening conflicts scar thy fairest plain,
Still thy soft answer is the growing grain.
Yet, O our Mother, while uncounted charms
40 Steal round our hearts in thine embracing arms,
Let not our virtues in thy love decay,
And thy fond sweetness waste our strength away.

No ! by these hills, whose banners now displayed
In blazing cohorts Autumn has arrayed ;
45 By yon twin summits, on whose splintery crests
The tossing hemlocks hold the eagles' nests ;
By these fair plains the mountain circle screens,
And feeds with streamlets from its dark ravines, —
True to their home, these faithful arms shall toil
50 To crown with peace their own untainted soil ;
And, true to God, to freedom, to mankind,
If her chained bandogs Faction shall unbind,
These stately forms, that bending even now
Bowed their strong manhood to the humble plough,
65 Shall rise erect, the guardians of the land,
The same stern iron in the same right hand.
Till o'er the hills the shouts of triumph run,
The sword has rescued what the ploughshare won !

THE OLD MAN OF THE SEA.

A NIGHTMARE DREAM BY DAYLIGHT.

Do you know the Old Man of the Sea, of the Sea ?

Have you met with that dreadful old man ?

If you have n't been caught, you will be, you will
be ;

For catch you he must and he can.

5 He does n't hold on by your throat, by your throat,

As of old in the terrible tale ;

But he grapples you tight by the coat, by the coat,
Till its buttons and button-holes fail.

There's the charm of a snake in his eye, in his eye,

10 And a polypus-grip in his hands ;

You cannot go back, nor get by, nor get by,

If you look at the spot where he stands.

Oh, you're grabbed ! See his claw on your sleeve,
on your sleeve !

It is Sinbad's Old Man of the Sea !

15 You're a Christian, no doubt you believe, you be-
lieve :

You're a martyr, whatever you be !

—Is the breakfast-hour past ? They must wait,
they must wait,

While the coffee boils sullenly down,

While the Johnny-cake burns on the grate, on the
grate,

20 And the toast is done frightfully brown.

— Yes, your dinner will keep ; let it cool, let it cool,

And Madam may worry and fret,
And children half-starved go to school, go to school ;

He can't think of sparing you yet.

25 — Hark ! the bell for the train ! “ Come along !
Come along !

For there is n't a second to lose.”

“ ALL ABOARD ! ” (He holds on.) “ Fsht ! ding-dong ! Fsht ! ding-dong ! ” —

You can follow on foot, if you choose.

— There's a maid with a cheek like a peach, like a peach,

30 That is waiting for you in the church ; —

But he clings to your side like a leech, like a leech,
And you leave your lost bride in the lurch.

— There's a babe in a fit, — hurry quick ! hurry quick !

To the doctor's as fast as you can !

35 The baby is off, while you stick, while you stick,
In the grip of the dreadful Old Man !

— I have looked on the face of the Bore, of the Bore ;

The voice of the Simple I know ;

I have welcomed the Flat at my door, at my door ;

40 I have sat by the side of the Slow ;

I have walked like a lamb by the friend, by the friend,

That stuck to my skirts like a bur ;

I have borne the stale talk without end, without end,
Of the sinner whom nothing could stir :

45 But my hamstrings grow loose, and I shake, and I
shake,

At the sight of the dreadful Old Man ;
Yea, I quiver and quake, and I take, and I take
To my legs with what vigor I can !

Oh the dreadful Old Man of the Sea, of the Sea !
50 He's come back like the Wandering Jew !
He has had his cold claw upon me, upon me,—
And be sure that he'll have it on you !

DOROTHY Q.

A FAMILY PORTRAIT.

GRANDMOTHER'S mother : her age, I guess,
Thirteen summers, or something less ;
Girlish bust, but womanly air ;
Smooth, square forehead with uprolled hair,
5 Lips that lover has never kissed ;
Taper fingers and slender wrist ;
Hanging sleeves of stiff brocade ;
So they painted the little maid.

On her hand a parrot green
10 Sits unmoving and broods serene.

50. An imaginary person about whom there are several legends, one of which is as follows : As the Saviour was on his way to the place of execution, overcome with the weight of the cross, he wished to rest on a stone before the house of a Jew, whom the story calls Ahasuerus, who drove him away with curses. Jesus calmly replied : "Thou shalt wander on the earth till I return."



DOROTHY Q.



Hold up the canvas full in view, —
Look! there 's a rent the light shines through,
Dark with a century's fringe of dust, —
That was a Red-Coat's rapier-thrust!
15 Such is the tale the lady old,
Dorothy's daughter's daughter, told.

Who the painter was none may tell, —
One whose best was not over well;
Hard and dry, it must be confessed,
20 Flat as a rose that has long been pressed;
Yet in her cheek the hues are bright,
Dainty colors of red and white,
And in her slender shape are seen
Hint and promise of stately mien.

25 Look not on her with eyes of scorn, —
Dorothy Q. was a lady born!
Ay! since the galloping Normans came,
England's annals have known her name;
And still to the three-hilled rebel town
30 Dear is that ancient name's renown,
For many a eivie wreath they won,
The youthful sire and the gray-haired son.

O Damsel Dorothy! Dorothy Q.!
Strange is this gift that I owe to you;
35 Such a gift as never a king
Save to daughter or son might bring, —
All my tenure of heart and hand,
All my title to house and land;
Mother and sister and child and wife
40 And joy and sorrow and death and life!

What if a hundred years ago
Those close-shut lips had answered No,
When forth the tremulous question came
That cost the maiden her Norman name,
45 And under the folds that look so still
The bodice swelled with the bosom's thrill?
Should I be I, or would it be
One tenth another, to nine tenths me?

Soft is the breath of a maiden's YES:
50 Not the light gossamer stirs with less;
But never a cable that holds so fast
Through all the battles of wave and blast,
And never an echo of speech or song
That lives in the babbling air so long!
55 There were tones in the voice that whispered
then
You may hear to-day in a hundred men.

O lady and lover, how faint and far
Your images hover, — and here we are,
Solid and stirring in flesh and bone, —
60 Edward's and Dorothy's — all their own, —
A goodly record for Time to show
Of a syllable spoken so long ago! —
Shall I bless you, Dorothy, or forgive
For the tender whisper that bade me live?

35 It shall be a blessing, my little maid!
I will heal the stab of the Red-Coat's blade,
And freshen the gold of the tarnished frame,
And gild with a rhyme your household name;
So you shall smile on us brave and bright

70 As first you greeted the morning's light,
And live untroubled by woes and fears
Through a second youth of a hundred years.
1871.

BILL AND JOE.

COME, dear old comrade, you and I
Will steal an hour from days gone by,
The shining days when life was new,
And all was bright with morning dew,
5 The lusty days of long ago,
When you were Bill and I was Joe.

Your name may flaunt a titled trail
Proud as a cockerel's rainbow tail,
And mine as brief appendix wear
10 As Tam O'Shanter's luckless mare ;
To-day, old friend, remember still
That I am Joe and you are Bill.

You 've won the great world's envied prize,
And grand you look in people's eyes,
15 With H O N. and L L. D.
In big brave letters, fair to see, —
Your fist, old fellow ! off they go ! —
How are you, Bill ? How are you, Joe ?

You 've worn the judge's ermined robe ;
20 You 've taught your name to half the globe ;
You 've sung mankind a deathless strain ;
You 've made the dead past live again ;
The world may call you what it will,
But you and I are Joe and Bill.

25 The chaffing young folks stare and say
“See those old buffers, bent and gray, —
They talk like fellows in their teens!
Mad, poor old boys! That’s what it means,” —
And shake their heads; they little know
30 The throbbing hearts of Bill and Joe! —

How Bill forgets his hour of pride,
While Joe sits smiling at his side;
How Joe, in spite of time’s disguise,
Finds the old schoolmate in his eyes, —
35 Those calm, stern eyes that melt and fill
As Joe looks fondly up at Bill.

Ah, pensive scholar, what is fame?
A fitful tongue of leaping flame;
A giddy whirlwind’s fickle gust,
40 That lifts a pinch of mortal dust;
A few swift years, and who can show
Which dust was Bill and which was Joe?

The weary idol takes his stand,
Holds out his bruised and aching hand,
45 While gaping thousands come and go, —
How vain it seems, this empty show!
Till all at once his pulses thrill; —
’T is poor old Joe’s “God bless you, Bill!”

And shall we breathe in happier spheres
50 The names that pleased our mortal ears;
In some sweet lull of harp and song
For earth-born spirits none too long,
Just whispering of the world below
Where this was Bill, and that was Joe?

55 No matter ; while our home is here
 No sounding name is half so dear ;
 When fades at length our lingering day,
 Who cares what pompous tombstones say ?
 Read on the hearts that love us still,
 60 *Hic jacet* Joe. *Hic jacet* Bill.

THE LAST LEAF.

I SAW him once before,
 As he passed by the door,
 And again
 The pavement stones resound,
 5 As he totters o'er the ground
 With his cane.

They say that in his prime,
 Ere the pruning-knife of Time
 Cut him down,
 10 Not a better man was found
 By the Crier on his round
 Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,
 And he looks at all he meets
 15 Sad and wan,
 And he shakes his feeble head,
 That it seems as if he said,
 " They are gone."

The mossy marbles rest
 20 On the lips that he has prest
 In their bloom,

And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

25 My grandmamma has said —
Poor old lady, she is dead
Long ago —
That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
30 In the snow.

But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin
Like a staff,
And a crook is in his back,
35 And a melancholy crack
In his laugh.

I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here ;
40 But the old three-cornered hat
And the breeches, and all that
Are so queer !

And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
45 In the spring,
Let them smile, as I do now
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling.

BROTHER JONATHAN'S LAMENT FOR SISTER
CAROLINE.

SHE has gone, — she has left us in passion and
pride, —

Our stormy-browed sister, so long at our side !

She has torn her own star from our firmament's
glow,

And turned on her brother the face of a foe !

5 O Caroline, Caroline, child of the sun,

We can never forget that our hearts have been
one, —

Our foreheads both sprinkled in Liberty's name,

From the fountain of blood with the finger of
flame !

You were always too ready to fire at a touch ;

10 But we said, " She is hasty, — she does not mean
much."

We have seowed, when you uttered some turbulent
threat ;

But Friendship still whispered, " Forgive and for-
get !"

Has our love all died out ? Have its altars grown
cold ?

Has the curse come at last which the fathers fore-
told ?

15 Then Nature must teach us the strength of the
chain

That her petulant children would sever in vain.

They may fight till the buzzards are gorged with
their spoil,
Till the harvest grows black as it rots in the soil,
Till the wolves and the catamounts troop from their
caves,
20 And the shark tracks the pirate, the lord of the
waves :

In vain is the strife! When its fury is past,
Their fortunes must flow in one channel at last,
As the torrents that rush from the mountains of
snow
Roll mingled in peace through the valleys below.

25 Our Union is river, lake, ocean, and sky :
Man breaks not the medal, when God cuts the
die !
Though darkened with sulphur, though cloven with
steel,
The blue arch will brighten, the waters will heal !

O Caroline, Caroline, child of the sun,
30 There are battles with Fate that can never be won !
The star-flowering banner must never be furled,
For its blossoms of light are the hope of the world !

Go, then, our rash sister ! afar and aloof,
Run wild in the sunshine away from our roof ;
35 But when your heart aches and your feet have
grown sore,
Remember the pathway that leads to our door !

MARCH 25, 1861.

FOR THE SERVICES IN MEMORY OF ABRAHAM
LINCOLN.

CITY OF BOSTON, JUNE 1, 1865.

CHORAL: LUTHER'S "JUDGMENT HYMN."

O THOU of soul and sense and breath
The ever-present Giver,
Unto thy mighty Angel, Death,
All flesh thou dost deliver ;
5 What most we cherish we resign,
For life and death alike are thine,
Who reignest Lord forever !

Our hearts lie buried in the dust
With him so true and tender,
10 The patriot's stay, the people's trust,
The shield of the offender ;
Yet every murmuring voice is still,
As, bowing to thy sovereign will,
Our best-loved we surrender.

15 Dear Lord, with pitying eye behold
This martyr generation,
Which thou, through trials manifold,
Art showing thy salvation !
Oh, let the blood by murder spilt
20 Wash out thy stricken children's guilt
And sanctify our nation !

Be thou thy orphaned Israel's friend,
Forsake thy people never,

In One our broken Many blend,
 25 That none again may sever !
 Hear us, O Father, while we raise
 With trembling lips our song of praise,
 And bless thy name forever !

ODE FOR WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.¹

CELEBRATION OF THE MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION,

FEBRUARY 22, 1856.

WELCOME to the day returning,
 Dearer still as ages flow,
 While the torch of Faith is burning,
 Long as Freedom's altars glow !
 5 See the hero whom it gave us
 Slumbering on a mother's breast ;
 For the arm he stretched to save us,
 Be its morn forever blest !

Hear the tale of youthful glory,
 10 While of Britain's rescued band
 Friend and foe repeat the story,
 Spread his fame o'er sea and land,
 Where the red cross, proudly streaming,
 Flaps above the frigate's deck,
 15 Where the golden lilies, gleaming,
 Star the watch-towers of Quebec.

¹ The young reader will note how the poet brings out successive events in the career of Washington, — his covering of Braddock's defeat, his service as commander-in-chief of the American army, his final triumph, his refusal of royal honors, and the noble utterances of his Farewell Address to the People of the United States.

Look ! The shadow on the dial
 Marks the hour of deadlier strife ;
 Days of terror, years of trial,
 20 Scourge a nation into life.
 Lo, the youth, become her leader !
 All her baffled tyrants yield ;
 Through his arm the Lord hath freed her ;
 Crown him on the tented field !

25 Vain is Empire's mad temptation !
 Not for him an earthly crown !
 He whose sword hath freed a nation
 Strikes the offered sceptre down.
 See the throneless Conqueror seated,
 30 Ruler by a people's choice ;
 See the Patriot's task completed ;
 Hear the Father's dying voice !

“ By the name that you inherit,
 By the sufferings you recall,
 35 Cherish the fraternal spirit ;
 Love your country first of all !
 Listen not to idle questions
 If its bands may be untied ;
 Doubt the patriot whose suggestions
 40 Strive a nation to divide ! ”

Father ! We, whose ears have tingled
 With the discord-notes of shame, —
 We, whose sires their blood have mingled
 In the battle's thunder-flame, —
 45 Gathering, while this holy morning
 Lights the land from sea to sea,
 Hear thy counsel, heed thy warning ;
 Trust us, while we honor thee !

LEXINGTON

SLOWLY the mist o'er the meadow was creeping,
Bright on the dewy buds glistened the sun,
When from his couch, while his children were
 sleeping,
Rose the bold rebel and shouldered his gun.
 Waving her golden veil
 Over the silent dale,
Blithe looked the morning on cottage and spire ;
 Hushed was his parting sigh,
 While from his noble eye
10 Flashed the last sparkle of liberty's fire.

On the smooth green where the fresh leaf is spring-
 ing
Calmly the first-born of glory have met ;
Hark ! the death-volley around them is ringing !
Look ! with their life-blood the young grass is
 wet !
15 Faint is the feeble breath,
Murmuring low in death,
"Tell to our sons how their fathers have died ;"
 Nerveless the iron hand,
 Raised for its native land,
20 Lies by the weapon that gleams at its side.

Over the hillsides the wild knell is tolling,
From their far hamlets the yeomanry come ;
As through the storm-clouds the thunder-burst roll-
 ing,
Circles the beat of the mustering drum.

25 Fast on the soldier's path
 Darken the waves of wrath,
 Long have they gathered and loud shall they fall;
 Red glares the musket's flash,
 Sharp rings the rifle's crash,
 30 Blazing and clanging from thicket and wall.

Gayly the plume of the horseman was dancing,
 Never to shadow his cold brow again;
 Proudly at morning the war-steed was prancing,
 Reeking and panting he droops on the rein;
 35 Pale is the lip of scorn,
 Voiceless the trumpet horn,
 Torn is the silken-fringed red cross on high;
 Many a belted breast
 Low on the turf shall rest,
 40 Ere the dark hunters the herd have passed by.

Snow-girdled crags where the hoarse wind is raving,
 Rocks where the weary floods murmur and wail,
 Wilds where the fern by the furrow is waving,
 Reeled with the echoes that rode on the gale;
 45 Far as the tempest thrills
 Over the darkened hills,
 Far as the sunshine streams over the plain,
 Roused by the tyrant band,
 Woke all the mighty land,
 50 Girded for battle, from mountain to main.

Green be the graves where her martyrs are lying!
 Shroudless and tombless they sunk to their rest,

52. Monuments have since been erected along the route of the British army, from Lexington to Concord, and back to Boston, to commemorate the first bloodshed of the Revolution on Lex-

While o'er their ashes the starry fold flying
 Wraps the proud eagle they roused from his
 nest.

55 Borne on her Northern pine,
 Long o'er the foaming brine
 Spread her broad banner to storm and to sun ;
 Heaven keep her ever free,
 Wide as o'er land and sea
 60 Floats the fair emblem her heroes have won !

OLD IRONSIDES.¹

AY, tear her tattered ensign down !
 Long has it waved on high,
 And many an eye has danced to see
 That banner in the sky ;

ington Green, the stand at Concord Bridge, and the numerous conflicts and incidents of the disastrous retreat, with such recognition as was possible of the persons who lost their lives on that memorable 19th of April.

¹ The famous frigate *Constitution*, launched in Boston in 1797, from the site of what is now known as Constitution Wharf. She was built to stop the depredations of Algerine corsairs upon our merchant marine. In the Mediterranean, whither she sailed in 1603, she earned for herself the name of "Old Ironsides," — a name that became famous after her brilliant record in the War of 1812.

For the circumstances that prompted this spirited poem, see page 6 of the Biographical Sketch at the beginning of this book. It is safe to say that the popular feeling awakened by it prolonged the life of Old Ironsides for half a century.

She was the first vessel admitted to the great dry dock at the Charlestown Navy Yard, which was not then (1834) completed. So thoroughly was she repaired, that scarcely a timber of her frame above the keel was retained. At the outbreak of the

5 Beneath it rung the battle shout,
And burst the cannon's roar ; —
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more.

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
10 Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
And waves were white below,
No more shall feel the victor's tread,
Or know the conquered knee ;
15 The harpies of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea !

Oh, better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave ;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
20 And there should be her grave ;
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,
The lightning and the gale !

Civil War she was a schoolship at Annapolis, Md. December 15, 1881, her ensign was formally hauled down at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, and she was put out of commission. She was then taken to Portsmouth, N. H., where she remained, housed over as a receiving-ship, till September, 1897, when she was brought to Boston for the celebration of the centenary of her launching, — October 21.

ROBINSON OF LEYDEN.¹

HE sleeps not here; in hope and prayer
His wandering flock had gone before,
But he, the shepherd, might not share
Their sorrows on the wintry shore.

5 Before the Speedwell's anchor swung,
Ere yet the Mayflower's sail was spread,
While round his feet the Pilgrims clung,
The pastor spake, and thus he said: —

“Men, brethren, sisters, children dear!
10 God calls you hence from over sea;
Ye may not build by Haerlem Meer,
Nor yet along the Zuyder-Zee.

* John Robinson, minister of the little company of Brownists, or Separatists (see note on page 60), that fled to Amsterdam in 1608, to escape persecution in England. The little church finally settled in Leyden, but in 1620 resolved to find a home in the New World. Only a part of the company, however, could emigrate, and this part set sail in the Speedwell, sixty tons, and the Mayflower, one hundred and eighty tons. Robinson deemed it best to stay in Holland. The Speedwell was forced to put back. The Mayflower, with one hundred and two souls, persisted in prosecuting the voyage.

11. A lake whose area gradually increased for centuries through inundations from the sea, until furious hurricanes, in 1836, drove its waters to the gates of Amsterdam, and into the streets of Leyden. The people thereupon made plans to drain it. After years of preliminary work, the pumping was begun in 1848, and in 1852 the lake was dry. Its site is now a rich agricultural region.

“Ye go to bear the saving word
 To tribes unnamed and shores untrod;
 15 Heed well the lessons ye have heard
 From those old teachers taught of God.

“Yet think not unto them was lent
 All light for all the coming days,
 And Heaven’s eternal wisdom spent
 20 In making straight the ancient ways;

“The living fountain overflows`
 For every flock, for every lamb,
 Nor heeds, though angry creeds oppose
 With Luther’s dike or Calvin’s dam.”

25 He spake; with lingering, long embrace,
 With tears of love and partings fond,
 They floated down the creeping Maas,
 Along the isle of Ysselmond.

They passed the frowning towers of Briel,
 30 The “Hook of Holland’s” shelf of sand,
 And grated soon with lifting keel
 The sullen shores of Fatherland.

No home for these! — too well they knew
 The mitred king behind the throne;
 35 The sails were set, the pennons flew,
 And westward ho! for worlds unknown.

And these were they who gave us birth,
 The Pilgrims of the sunset wave,

30. A sandy point on the north bank of the Maas, at its junction with the North Sea.

Who won for us this virgin earth,
40 And freedom with the soil they gave.

The pastor slumbers by the Rhine, —
In alien earth the exiles lie, —
Their nameless graves our holiest shrine,
His words our noblest battle-cry !

45 Still cry them, and the world shall hear,
Ye dwellers by the storm-swept sea !
Ye *have* not built by Haerlem Meer,
Nor on the land-locked Zuyder-Zee !

THE PILGRIM'S VISION.¹

In the hour of twilight shadows
The Pilgrim sire looked out ;
He thought of the "bloudy Salvages"
That lurked all round about,

48. Literally land-locked in the time of the Romans, for it was then a small swampy lake, connected by a river with the sea. It was enlarged to its present area (two hundred miles in circumference) by terrible inundations from the ocean, in the thirteenth century, so that now there is only a chain of islands to separate the two.

¹ The poet observes in this and other poems the distinction between the Pilgrims, who settled in Plymouth in 1620, and the Puritans, who came to Boston and vicinity in 1630. The former were Brownists, or Separatists ; that is, they believed in the separation of church and state. The latter, on the contrary, like members of the Church of England, believed that the forms of religious service should be determined by law, and that heretical beliefs and practices should be punished by the civil magistrates. They were called Puritans because they believed in purifying the church, and described as "nonconforming" because they refused allegiance to it.

5 Of Wituwamet's pictured knife
 And Pecksuot's whooping shout ;
 For the baby's limbs were feeble,
 Though his father's arms were stout.

His home was a freezing cabin,
 10 Too bare for the hungry rat,
 Its roof was thatched with ragged grass,
 And bald enough of that ;
 The hole that served for casement
 Was glazed with an ancient hat ;
 15 And the ice was gently thawing
 From the log whereon he sat.

Along the dreary landscape
 His eyes went to and fro,
 The trees all clad in icicles,
 20 The streams that did not flow ;
 A sudden thought flashed o'er him, —
 A dream of long ago, —
 He smote his leathern jerkin,
 And murmured, " Even so ! "

25 " Come hither, God-be-Glorified,
 And sit upon my knee,
 Behold the dream unfolding,
 Whereof I spake to thee
 By the winter's hearth in Leyden
 30 And on the stormy sea ;
 True is the dream's beginning, —
 So may its ending be !

25. The Puritans permitted two classes of names for their children, — proper names directly from the Bible, and names expressive of religious sentiment, as Praise-God, Live-Well, and the like.

“ I saw in the naked forest
Our scattered remnant cast,
35 A screen of shivering branches
Between them and the blast ;
The snow was falling round them,
The dying fell as fast ;
I looked to see them perish,
40 When lo, the vision passed.

“ Again mine eyes were opened ; —
The feeble had waxed strong,
The babes had grown to sturdy men,
The remnant was a throng ;
45 By shadowed lake and winding stream,
And all the shores along,
The howling demons quaked to hear
The Christian’s godly song.

“ They slept, — the village fathers, —
50 By river, lake, and shore,
When far adown the steep of Time
The vision rose once more :
I saw along the winter snow
A spectral column pour,
55 And high above their broken ranks
A tattered flag they bore.

“ Their Leader rode before them,
Of bearing calm and high,
The light of Heaven’s own kindling
60 Throned in his awful eye ;
These were a Nation’s champions
Her dread appeal to try ;
‘ God for the right ! ’ I faltered,
And lo, the train passed by.

65 " Once more, — the strife is ended,
 The solemn issue tried,
 The Lord of Hosts, his mighty arm
 Has helped our Israel's side ;
 Gray stone and grassy hillock
 70 Tell where our martyrs died,
 But peaceful smiles the harvest,
 And stainless flows the tide.

" A crash, as when some swollen cloud
 Cracks o'er the tangled trees !
 75 With side to side, and spar to spar,
 Whose smoking decks are these ?
 I know St. George's blood-red cross,
 Thou Mistress of the Seas,
 But what is she, whose streaming bars
 80 Roll out before the breeze ?

" Ah, well her iron ribs are knit,
 Whose thunders strive to quell
 The bellowing throats, the blazing lips,
 That pealed the Armada's knell !
 85 The mist was cleared, — a wreath of stars
 Rose o'er the crimsoned swell,
 And, wavering from its haughty peak,
 The cross of England fell !

" C trembling Faith ! though dark the morn,
 90 A heavenly torch is thine ;
 While feebler races melt away,
 And paler orbs decline,
 Still shall the fiery pillar's ray
 Along thy pathway shine,
 95 To light the chosen tribe that sought
 This Western Palestine !

“I see the living tide roll on ;
It crowns with flaming towers
The icy capes of Labrador,
130 The Spaniard’s ‘land of flowers’ !
It streams beyond the splintered ridge
That parts the northern showers ;
From eastern rock to sunset wave
The Continent is ours !”

135 He ceased, — the grim old soldier-saint, —
Then softly bent to cheer
The Pilgrim-child, whose wasting face
Was meekly turned to hear ;
And drew his toil-worn sleeve across,
140 To brush the manly tear
From cheeks that never changed in woe,
And never blanched in fear.

The weary Pilgrim slumbers,
His resting-place unknown ;
145 His hands were crossed, his lips were closed,
The dust was o’er him strown ;
The drifting soil, the mouldering leaf,
Along the sod were blown ;
His mound has melted into earth,
150 His memory lives alone.

So let it live unfading,
The memory of the dead,
Long as the pale anemone
Springs where their tears were shed,
155 Or, raining in the summer’s wind
In flakes of burning red,
The wild rose sprinkles with its leaves
The turf where once they bled !

Yea, when the frowning bulwarks
 130 That guard this holy strand
 Have sunk beneath the trampling surge
 In beds of sparkling sand,
 While in the waste of ocean
 One hoary roek shall stand,
 135 Be this its latest legend, —
 HERE WAS THE PILGRIM'S LAND!

THE LIVING TEMPLE.¹

NOT in the world of light alone,
 Where God has built his blazing throne,
 Nor yet alone in earth below,
 With belted seas that come and go,
 5 And endless isles of sunlit green,
 Is all thy Maker's glory seen :
 Look in upon thy wondrous frame, —
 Eternal wisdom still the same !

The smooth, soft air with pulse-like waves
 10 Flows murmuring through its hidden caves,
 Whose streams of brightening purple rush,
 Fired with a new and livelier blush,
 While all their burden of decay
 The ebbing current steals away,
 15 And red with Nature's flame they start
 From the warm fountains of the heart.

¹ The comprehension of this poem presupposes an elementary acquaintance with the structure and use of the lungs, the heart and the blood vessels, the bony framework, the organs of special sense, and the convolutions and cells of the brain. Dr. Holmes, in introducing this poem in *The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table*, calls it *The Anatomist's Hymn*.

No rest that throbbing slave may ask,
Forever quivering o'er his task,
While far and wide a crimson jet
20 Leaps forth to fill the woven net
Which in unnumbered crossing tides
The flood of burning life divides,
Then, kindling each decaying part,
Creeps back to find the throbbing heart.

25 But warmed with that unchanging flame
Behold the outward moving frame,
Its living marbles jointed strong
With glistening band and silvery thong,
And linked to reason's guiding reins
30 By myriad rings in trembling chains,
Each graven with the threaded zone
Which claims it as the master's own.

See how yon beam of seeming white
Is braided out of seven-hued light,
35 Yet in those lucid globes no ray
By any chance shall break astray.
Hark how the rolling surge of sound,
Arches and spirals circling round,
Wakes the hushed spirit through thine ear
40 With music it is heaven to hear.

Then mark the cloven sphere that holds
All thoughts in its mysterious folds,
That feels sensation's faintest thrill,
And flashes forth the sovereign will !
45 Think on the stormy world that dwells
Locked in its dim and clustering cells !

The lightning gleams of power it sheds
Along its hollow glassy threads !

O Father ! grant thy love divine
50 To make these mystie temples thine !
When wasting age and wearying strife
Have sapped the leaning walls of life,
When darkness gathers over all,
And the last tottering pillars fall,
55 Take the poor dust thy mercy warms,
And mould it into heavenly forms !

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS.¹

THIS is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main, —
The venturous bark that flings

¹ "We need not trouble ourselves about the distinction between this [the Pearly Nautilus] and the Paper Nautilus, the Argonanta of the ancients. The name applied to both shows that each has long been compared to a ship, as you may see more fully in Webster's *Dictionary*, or the *Encyclopædia*, to which he refers. If you will look into Roget's *Bridgewater Treatise*, you will find a figure of one of these shells, and a section of it. The last will show you the series of enlarging compartments successively dwelt in by the animal that inhabits the shell, which is built in a widening spiral." . . .

"I have now and then found a naturalist who still worried over the distinction between the Pearly Nantilus and the Paper Nautilus, or Argonauta. As the stories about both are mere fables, attaching to the Physalia, or Portuguese man-of-war, as well as to these two mollusks, it seems over-nice to quarrel with the poetical handling of a fiction sufficiently justified by the name commonly applied to the ship of pearl as well as the ship of paper." — *The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table*, page 97.

On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
5 In gulfs enchanted, where the siren sings,
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their stream-
ing hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl ;
Wrecked is the ship of pearl !
10 And every chambered cell,
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
Before thee lies revealed, —
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed !

15 Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil ;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
20 Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old
no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap, forlorn !
25 From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew from wreathèd horn !
While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice
that sings : —

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
30 As the swift seasons roll !

Leave thy low-vaulted past !
 Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
 Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
 Till thou at length art free,
 35 Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting
 sea !

CONTENTMENT.

“ Man wants but little here below.”

LITTLE I ask ; my wants are few ;
 I only wish a hut of stone,
 (A *very plain* brown stone will do,)
 That I may call my own ; —
 5 And close at hand is such a one,
 In yonder street that fronts the sun.

Plain food is quite enough for me ;
 Three courses are as good as ten ; —
 If Nature can subsist on three,
 10 Thank Heaven for three. Amen !
 I always thought cold victual nice ; —
 My *choice* would be vanilla-ice.

I care not much for gold or land ; —
 Give me a mortgage here and there, —
 15 Some good bank-stock, some note of hand,
 Or trifling railroad share, —
 I only ask that Fortune send
 A *little* more than I shall spend.

Honors are silly toys, I know,
 20 And titles are but empty names ;

I would, *perhaps*, be Plenipo, —
 But only near St. James ;
 I 'm very sure I should not care
 To fill our Gubernator's chair.

25 Jewels are baubles ; 't is a sin
 To care for such unfruitful things ;
 One good-sized diamond in a pin, —
 Some, *not so large*, in rings, —
 A ruby, and a pearl, or so,
 30 Will do for me ; — I laugh at show.

My dame should dress in cheap attire ;
 (Good, heavy silks are never dear ;)
 I own perhaps I *might* desire
 Some shawls of true Cashmere, —
 35 Some mar-~~row~~-wy crapes of China silk,
 Like wrinkled skins on scalded milk.

I would not have the horse I drive
 So fast that folks must stop and stare ;
 An easy gait — two, forty-five —
 40 Suits me ; I do not care ; —
 Perhaps, for just a *single spurt*,
 Some seconds less would do no hurt.

Of pictures, I should like to own
 Titians and Raphaels three or four, —
 45 I love so much their style and tone, —
 One Turner, and no more,

22. St. James's Palace was the London residence of the British sovereigns, from the burning of Whitehall, in the reign of William III., down to 1837, in the reign of Victoria, when the royal household was transferred to Buckingham Palace.

(A landscape, — foreground golden dirt, —
The sunshine painted with a squirt.)

Of books but few, — some fifty score
50 For daily use, and bound for wear ;
The rest upon an upper floor ; —
Some *little* luxury *there*
Of red morocco's gilded gleam
And vellum rich as country cream.

55 Busts, camcos, gems, — such things as ~~these~~
Which others often show for pride,
I value for their power to please,
And selfish churls deride ;
One Stradivarius, I confess,
60 *Two* meerschaums, I would fain possess.

Wealth's wasteful tricks I will not learn,
Nor ape the glittering upstart fool ; —
Shall not carved tables serve my turn,
But *all* must be of buhl ?
65 Give grasping pomp its double share, —
I ask but *one* recumbent chair.

Thus humble let me live and die,
Nor long for Midas' golden touch ;
If Heaven more generous gifts deny,
70 I shall not miss them *much*, —
Too grateful for the blessing lent
Of simple tastes and mind content !

59. Stradivarius was a famous violin maker, born at Cremona, in Italy (1649-1737.) Some of his instruments have sold as high as \$2,000.

THE TWO ARMIES.

As Life's unending column pours,
Two marshalled hosts are seen, —
Two armies on the trampled shores
That Death flows black between.

5 One marches to the drum-beat's roll,
The wide-mouthed clarion's bray,
And bears upon a crimson scroll,
“Our glory is to slay.”

One moves in silence by the stream,
10 With sad, yet watchful eyes,
Calm as the patient planet's gleam
That walks the clouded skies.

Along its front no sabres shine,
No blood-red pennons wave ;
15 Its banner bears the single line,
“Our duty is to save.”

For those no death-bed's lingering shade ;
At Honor's trumpet-call,
With knitted brow and lifted blade
20 In Glory's arms they fall.

For these no clashing falchions bright,
No stirring battle-cry ;
The bloodless stabber calls by night, —
Each answers, “Here am I!”

25 For those the sculptor's laurelled bust,
 The builder's marble piles,
 The anthems pealing o'er their dust
 Through long eathedral aisles.

For these the blossom-sprinkled turf
 30 That floods the lonely graves
 When Spring rolls in her sea-green surf
 In flowery-foaming waves.

Two paths lead upward from below,
 And angels wait above,
 35 Who count each burning life-drop's flow,
 Each falling tear of Love.

Though from the Hero's bleeding breast
 Her pulses Freedom drew,
 Though the white lilies in her erect
 40 Sprang from that scarlet dew, —

While Valor's haughty champions wait
 Till all their sears are shown,
 Love walks unchallenged through the gate,
 To sit beside the Throne!

SPRING.

WINTER is past ; the heart of Nature warms
 Beneath the wrecks of unresisted storms ;
 Doubtful at first, suspected more than seen,
 The southern slopes are fringed with tender green ;
 5 On sheltered banks, beneath the dripping eaves,
 Spring's earliest nurslings spread their glowing
 leaves,

- Bright with the hues from wider pictures won,
White, azure, golden, — drift, or sky, or sun, —
The snowdrop, bearing on her patient breast
10 The frozen trophy torn from Winter's crest ;
The violet, gazing on the arch of blue
Till her own iris wears its deepened hue ;
The spendthrift crocus, bursting through the mould
Naked and shivering with his cup of gold.
15 Swelled with new life, the darkening elm on high
Prints her thick buds against the spotted sky ;
On all her boughs the stately chestnut cleaves
The gummy shroud that wraps her embryo leaves ;
The house-fly, stealing from his narrow grave,
20 Drugged with the opiate that November gave,
Beats with faint wing against the sunny pane,
Or crawls, tenacious, o'er its lucid plain ;
From shaded chinks of lichen-crust'd walls,
In languid curves, the gliding serpent crawls ;
25 The bog's green harper, thawing from his sleep,
Twangs a hoarse note and tries a shortened leap ;
On floating rails that face the softening noons
The still shy turtles range their dark platoons,
Or, toiling aimless o'er the mellowing fields,
30 Trail through the grass their tessellated shields.

- At last young April, ever frail and fair,
Woody by her playmate with the golden hair,
Chased to the margin of receding floods
O'er the soft meadows starred with opening buds,
15 In tears and blushes sighs herself away,
And hides her cheek beneath the flowers of May.

Then the proud tulip lights her beacon blaze,
Her clustering curls the hyacinth displays ;

O'er her tall blades the erected fleur-de-lis,
40 Like blue-eyed Pallas, towers erect and free ;
With yellower flames the lengthened sunshine glows,
And love lays bare the passion-breathing rose ;
Queen of the lake, along its reedy verge
The rival lily hastens to emerge,
45 Her snowy shoulders glistening as she strips,
Till morn is sultan of her parted lips.

Then bursts the song from every leafy glade,
The yielding season's bridal serenade ;
Then flash the wings returning Summer calls
50 Through the deep arches of her forest halls, —
The bluebird, breathing from his azure plumes
The fragrance borrowed where the myrtle blooms ;
The thrush, poor wanderer, dropping meekly down,
Clad in his remnant of autumnal brown ;
55 The oriole, drifting like a flake of fire
Rent by a whirlwind from a blazing spire.
The robin, jerking his spasmodic throat,
Repeats, imperious, his *staccato* note ;
The crack-brained bobolink courts his crazy mate,
60 Poised on a bulrush tipsy with his weight ;
Nay, in his cage the lone canary sings,
Feels the soft air, and spreads his idle wings.

Why dream I here within these caging walls,
Deaf to her voice, while blooming Nature calls ;
35 Peering and gazing with insatiate looks
Through blinding lenses, or in wearying books ?
Off, gloomy spectres of the shrivelled past !
Fly with the leaves that fill the autumn blast !
Ye imps of Science, whose relentless chains
70 Lock the warm tides within these living veins,

Close your dim cavern, while its captive strays
Dazzled and giddy in the morning's blaze!

A SONG.

FOR THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION OF HARVARD
COLLEGE, 1836.

WHEN the Puritans came over,
Our hills and swamps to clear,
The woods were full of catamounts,
And Indians red as deer,
5 With tomahawks and scalping-knives,
That make folks' heads look queer; —
Oh, the ship from England used to bring
A hundred wigs a year!

The crows came cawing through the air
10 To pluck the Pilgrims' corn,
The bears came snuffing round the door
Whene'er a babe was born,
The rattlesnakes were bigger round
Than the but of the old ram's horn
15 The deacon blew at meeting time
On every "Sabbath" morn.

But soon they knocked the wigwams down,
And pine-tree trunk and limb
Began to sprout among the leaves
20 In shape of steeples slim;
And out the little wharves were stretched
Along the ocean's rim,

1. See note on page 60.

And up the little school-house shot
To keep the boys in trim.

25 And when at length the College rose,
The sachem cocked his eye
At every tutor's meagre ribs
Whose coat-tails whistled by :
But when the Greek and Hebrew words
30 Came tumbling from his jaws,
The copper-colored children all
Ran screaming to the squaws.

And who was on the Catalogue
When college was begun ?
35 Two nephews of the President,
And *the* Professor's son ;
(They turned a little Indian by,
As brown as any bun ;)
Lord ! how the seniors knocked about
40 The freshman class of one !

They had not then the dainty things
That commons now afford,
But *succotash* and *hominy*
Were smoking on the board ;

34. In 1636 the General Court voted £400 for a "school or college ;" in 1637, it was ordered that the college should be at Newtown ; in 1638, the name of Newtown was changed to Cambridge ; and in 1639, it was ordered that the college should be called Harvard College, in honor of Rev. John Harvard, a minister at Charlestown, who died in 1638, leaving to the college £780 and his library of more than three hundred volumes.

Instruction was begun in 1638, under Nathaniel Eaton, and the first class, of nine young men, was graduated in 1642, under Rev. Henry Dunster, who received his appointment as the first president of the college in 1640.

45 They did not rattle round in gigs,
 Or dash in long-tailed blues,
 But always on Commencement days
 The tutors blacked their shoes.

God bless the ancient Puritans !
 50 Their lot was hard enough ;
 But honest hearts make iron arms,
 And tender maids are tough ;
 So love and faith have formed and fed
 Our true-born Yankee stuff,
 55 And keep the kernel in the shell
 The British found so rough !

THE STEAMBOAT.

SEE how yon flaming herald treads
 The ridged and rolling waves,
 As, crashing o'er their crested heads,
 She bows her surly slaves !
 5 With foam before and fire behind,
 She rends the clinging sea,
 That flies before the roaring wind,
 Beneath her hissing lee.

The morning spray, like sea-born flowers,
 10 With heaped and glistening bells,
 Falls round her fast, in ringing showers,
 With every wave that swells ;
 And, burning o'er the midnight deep,
 In lurid fringes thrown,
 15 The living gems of ocean sweep
 Along her flashing zone.

With clashing wheel, and lifting keel,
 And smoking torch on high,
 When winds are loud, and billows reel,
 20 She thunders foaming by;
 When seas are silent and serene,
 With even beam she glides,
 The sunshine glimmering through the green
 That skirts her gleaming sides.

25 Now, like a wild nymph, far apart
 She veils her shadowy form,
 The beating of her restless heart
 Still sounding through the storm;
 Now answers like a courtly dame,
 30 The reddening surges o'er,
 With flying scarf of spangled flame,
 The Pharos of the shore.

To-night yon pilot shall not sleep,
 Who trims his narrowed sail;
 35 To-night yon frigate scarce shall keep
 Her broad breast to the gale;
 And many a foresail, scooped and strained,
 Shall break from yard and stay,
 Before this smoky wreath has stained
 40 The rising mist of day.

Hark! hark! I hear yon whistling shroud,
 I see yon quivering mast;
 The black throat of the hunted cloud
 Is panting forth the blast!

32. **Pharos** = beacon or lighthouse. So named from the island of Pharos, in the Bay of Alexandria, on which Ptolemy Philadelphus, King of Egypt, erected the most famous light-house of ancient times (280 B. C.).

45 An hour, and, whirled like winnowing chaff,
 The giant surge shall fling
 His tresses o'er yon pennon staff,
 White as the sea-bird's wing!

Yet rest, ye wanderers of the deep;
 50 Nor wind nor wave shall tire
 Those fleshless arms, whose pulses leap
 With floods of living fire;
 Sleep on,—and, when the morning light
 Streams o'er the shining bay,
 55 Oh, think of those for whom the night
 Shall never wake in day!

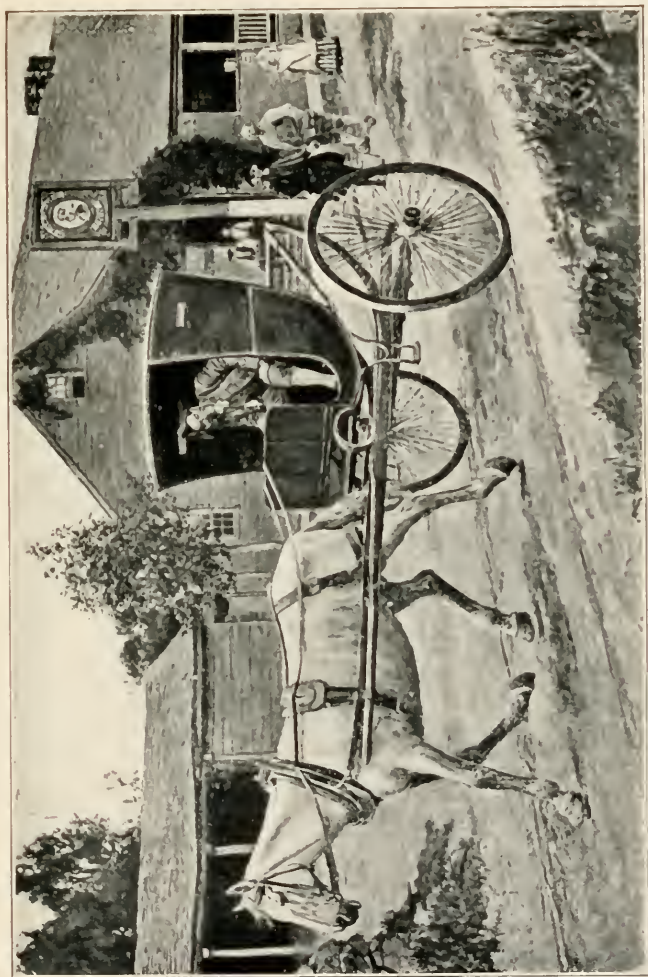
THE DEACON'S MASTERPIECE;

OR, THE WONDERFUL "ONE-HOSS SHAY."

A LOGICAL STORY.

HAVE you heard of the wonderful one-hoss shay,
 That was built in such a logical way
 It ran a hundred years to a day,
 And then, of a sudden, it — ah, but stay,
 5 I'll tell you what happened without delay,
 Scaring the parson into fits,
 Frightening people out of their wits, —
 Have you ever heard of that, I say?

Seventeen hundred and fifty-five.
 10 *Georgius Secundus* was then alive, —
 Snuffy old drone from the German hive.
 That was the year when Lisbon-town
 Saw the earth open and gulp her down,



THE ONE-HOSS SHAY

And Braddock's army was done so brown,
 15 Left without a scalp to its crown.
 It was on the terrible Earthquake-day
 That the Deacon finished the one-hoss shay.

Now in builiding of chaises, I tell you what,
 There is always *somewhere* a weakest spot, —
 20 In hub, tire, felloe, in spring or thill,
 In panel, or crossbar, or floor, or sill,
 In screw, bolt, thoroughbrace, — lurking still,
 Find it somewhere you must and will, —
 Above or below, or within or without, —
 25 And that 's the reason, beyond a doubt,
 That a chaise *breaks down*, bnt does n't *wear out*.

But the Deacon swore (as Deacons do,
 With an "I dew vnm," or an "I tell yeou")
 He would build one shay to beat the taown
 30 'n' the keounty 'n' all the kentry raoun';
 It should be so built that it *could n'* break daown.
 "Fnr," said the Deacon, "'t's mighty plain
 Thnt the weakes' place mns' stan' the strain;
 'n' the way t' fix it, uz I maintain,
 35 Is only jest
 T' make that place uz strong uz the rest."

So the Deacon inquired of the village folk
 Where he could find the strongest oak,
 That could n't be split nor bent nor broke, —
 40 That was for spokes and floor and sills;
 He sent for lancewood to make the thills;
 The crossbars were ash, from the straightest trees,
 The panels of white-wood, that cuts like cheese,
 But lasts like iron for things like these;

- 45 The hubs of logs from the "Settler's ellum," —
 Last of its timber, — they could n't sell 'em,
 Never an axe had seen their chips,
 And the wedges flew from between their lips,
 Their blunt ends frizzled like celery-tips ;
- 50 Step and prop-iron, bolt and screw,
 Spring, tire, axle, and linchpin too,
 Steel of the finest, bright and blue ;
 Thoroughbrace bison-skin, thick and wide ;
 Boot, top, dasher, from tough old hide
- 55 Found in the pit when the tanner died.
 That was the way he "put her through."
 "There !" said the Deacon, "naow she 'll dew !"

- Do ! I tell you, I rather guess
 She was a wonder, and nothing less !
- 60 Colts grew horses, beards turned gray,
 Deacon and deaconess dropped away,
 Children and grandchildren — where were they ?
 But there stood the stout old one-hoss shay
 As fresh as on Lisbon-earthquake-day !

- 65 EIGHTEEN HUNDRED ; it came and found
 The Deacon's masterpiece strong and sound.
 Eighteen hundred increased by ten ; —
 "Hahnsum kerridge" they called it then.
 Eighteen hundred and twenty came ; —
- 70 Running as usual ; much the same.
 Thirty and forty at last arrive,
 And then come fifty, and FIFTY-FIVE.

- Little of all we value here
 Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year
- 75 Without both feeling and looking queer.

In fact, there 's nothing that keeps its youth,
 So far as I know, but a tree and truth.
 (This is a moral that runs at large ;
 Take it. — You 're welcome. — No extra charge.)

80 FIRST OF NOVEMBER, — the Earthquake-day, —
 There are traces of age in the one-hoss shay,
 A general flavor of mild decay,
 But nothing local, as one may say.
 There could n't be, — for the Deacon's art
 85 Had made it so like in every part
 That there was n't a chance for one to start.
 For the wheels were just as strong as the thills,
 And the floor was just as strong as the sills,
 And the panels just as strong as the floor,
 90 And the whipple-tree neither less nor more,
 And the back-crossbar as strong as the fore,
 And spring and axle and hub *encore*.
 And yet, *as a whole*, it is past a doubt
 In another hour it will be *worn out* !

95 First of November, 'Fifty-five !
 This morning the parson takes a drive.
 Now, small boys, get out of the way !
 Here comes the wonderful one-hoss shay,
 Drawn by a rat-tailed, ewe-necked bay.
 100 " Huddup ! " said the parson. — Off went they.
 The parson was working his Sunday's text, —
 Had got to *fifthly*, and stopped perplexed
 At what the — Moses — was coming next.
 All at once the horse stood still,
 105 Close by the meet'n'-house on the hill.
 First a shiver, and then a thrill,
 Then something decidedly like a spill, —

And the parson was sitting upon a rock,
At half past nine by the meet'n'-house clock, —
110 Just the hour of the Earthquake shock!
What do you think the parson found,
When he got up and stared around?
The poor old chaise in a heap or mound,
As if it had been to the mill and ground!
115 You see, of course, if you're not a dunce,
How it went to pieces all at once —
All at once, and nothing first, —
Just as bubbles do when they burst.

End of the wonderful one-hoss shay.
120 Logic is logic. That's all I say.

THE BROOMSTICK TRAIN; OR, THE RETURN OF THE WITCHES.¹

LOOK out! Look out, boys! Clear the track!
The witches are here! They've all come back!

¹ "Look here! There are crowds of people whirled through our streets on these new-fashioned cars, with their witch-broomsticks overhead, — if they don't come from Salem, they ought to, — and not more than one in a dozen of these fish-eyed bipeds thinks or cares a nickel's worth about the miracle which is wrought for their convenience. They know that without hands or feet, without horses, without steam, so far as they can see, they are transported from place to place, and that there is nothing to account for it except the witch-broomstick and the iron or copper cobweb which they see stretched above them. What do they know or care about this last revelation of the omnipresent spirit of the material universe? We ought to go down on our knees when one of these mighty caravans, car after car, spins by us, under the mystic impulse which seems to know not whether its train is loaded or empty. We are used to

They hanged them high, — No use ! No use !
 What cares a witch for a hangman's noose ?
 5 They buried them deep, but they would n't lie still,
 For cats and witches are hard to kill ;
 They swore they should n't and would n't die, —
 Books said they did, but they lie ! they lie !

A couple of hundred years, or so,
 10 They had knocked about in the world below,
 When an Essex Deacon dropped in to call,
 And a homesick feeling seized them all ;
 For he came from a place they knew full well,
 And many a tale he had to tell.
 15 They longed to visit the haunts of men,
 To see the old dwellings they knew again,
 And ride on their broomsticks all around
 Their wide domain of unhallowed ground.

In Essex County there 's many a roof
 20 Well known to him of the eloven hoof ;
 The small square windows are full in view
 Which the midnight hags went sailing through,
 On their well-trained broomsticks mounted high,
 Seen like shadows against the sky ;
 25 Crossing the track of owls and bats,
 Hugging before them their coal-black cats.

Well did they know, those gray old wives,
 The sights we see in our daily drives :

force in the muscles of horses, in the expansive potency of steam, but here we have force stripped stark naked, — nothing but a filament to cover its nudity, — and yet showing its might in efforts that would task the working-beam of a ponderous steam-engine." — *Over the Teacups*, page 215.

Shimmer of lake and shine of sea,
 30 Brown's bare hill with its lonely tree,
 (It was n't then as we see it now,
 With one scant scalp-lock to shade its brow ;)
 Dusky nooks in the Essex woods,
 Dark, dim, Dante-like solitudes,
 35 Where the tree-toad watches the sinuous snake
 Glide through his forests of fern and brake ;
 Ipswich River ; its old stone bridge ;
 Far-off Andover's Indian Ridge,
 And many a scene where history tells
 40 Some shadow of bygone terror dwells, —
 Of "Norman's Woe" with its tale of dread,
 Of the Screeching Woman of Marblehead,
 (The fearful story that turns men pale :
 Don't bid me tell it, — my speech would fail.)

45 Who would not, will not, if he can,
 Bathe in the breezes of fair Cape Ann, —
 Rest in the bowers her bays enfold,
 Loved by the sachems and squaws of old ?
 Home where the white magnolias bloom,
 50 Sweet with the bayberry's chaste perfume,
 Hugged by the woods and kissed by the sea !
 Where is the Eden like to thee ?
 For that "couple of hundred years, or so,"
 There had been no peace in the world below ;

34. Dante was an Italian poet (1265–1321). One of his works, *The Inferno*, is famous for its graphic pictures of the gloomy and the awful.

41. "Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,
 In the midnight and the snow !
 Christ save us all from a death like this
 On the reef of Norman's Woe."

H. W. LONGFELLOW, *The Wreck of the Hesperus*.

55 The witches still grumbling, "It is n't fair;
 Come, give us a taste of the upper air!
 We've had enough of your sulphur springs,
 And the evil odor that round them clings;
 We long for a drink that is cool and nice, —
 60 Great buckets of water with Wenham ice;
 We've served you well up-stairs, you know;
 You're a good old — fellow — come, let us go!"

I don't feel sure of his being good,
 But he happened to be in a pleasant mood, —
 65 As fiends with their skins full sometimes are, —
 (He'd been drinking with "roughs" at a Boston
 bar.)
 So what does he do but up and shout
 To a graybeard turnkey, "Let 'em out!"

To mind his orders was all he knew;
 70 The gates swung open, and out they flew.
 "Where are our broomsticks?" the beldams cried.
 "Here are your broomsticks," an imp replied.
 "They've been in — the place you know — so long
 They smell of brimstone uncommon strong;
 75 But they've gained by being left alone, —
 Just look, and you'll see how tall they've grown."
 "And where is my cat?" a vixen squalled.
 "Yes, where are our cats?" the witches bawled,
 And began to call them all by name;
 80 As fast as they called the cats, they came:
 There was bob-tailed Tommy and long-tailed Tim,
 And wall-eyed Jacky and green-eyed Jim,
 And splay-foot Benny and slim-legged Beau,
 And Skinny and Squally, and Jerry and Joe,
 85 And many another that came at call, —
 It would take too long to count them all.

All black, — one could hardly tell which was which,
 But every cat knew his own old witch ;
 And she knew hers as hers knew her, —
 90 Ah, did n't they curl their tails and purr !

No sooner the withered hags were free
 Than out they swarmed for a midnight spree ;
 I could n't tell all they did in rhymes,
 But the Essex people had dreadful times.
 95 The Swampscott fishermen still relate
 How a strange sea-monster stole their bait ;
 How their nets were tangled in loops and knots,
 And they found dead crabs in their lobster-pots.
 Poor Danvers grieved for her blasted crops,
 100 And Wilmington mourned over mildewed hops.
 A blight played havoc with Beverly beans, —
 It was all the work of those hateful queans !
 A dreadful panic began at " Pride's,"
 Where the witches stopped in their midnight rides,
 105 And there rose strange rumors and vague alarms
 'Mid the peaceful dwellers at Beverly Farms.

Now when the Boss of the Beldams found
 That without his leave they were ramping round,
 He called, — they could hear him twenty miles,
 110 From Chelsea beach to the Misery Isles ;

100. " You wish to correct an error in my Broomstick poem, do you ? You give me to understand that Wilmington is not in Essex County, but in Middlesex. Very well ; but are they separated by *running water* ? Because if they are not, what could hinder a witch from crossing the line that separates Wilmington from Andover, I should like to know ? I never meant to imply that the witches made no excursions beyond the district which was more especially their seat of operations." — Unwritten answer to a correspondent in *Over the Teacups*, page 311.

The deafest old granny knew his tone

Without the trick of the telephone.

“Come here, you witches! Come here,” says he,—

“At your games of old, without asking me!

115 I’ll give you a little job to do

That will keep you stirring, you godless crew!”

They came, of course, at their master’s call,

The witches, the broomsticks, the cats, and all;

He led the hags to a railway train

120 The horses were trying to drag in vain.

“Now, then,” says he, “you’ve had your fun,

And here are the cars you’ve got to run.

The driver may just unhitch his team,

We don’t want horses, we don’t want steam;

125 You may keep your old black cats to hug,

But the loaded train you’ve got to lug.”

Since then on many a car you’ll see

A broomstick plain as plain can be;

On every stick there’s a witch astride,—

130 The string you see to her leg is tied.

She will do a mischief if she can,

But the string is held by a careful man,

And whenever the evil-minded witch

Would cut some caper, he gives a twitch.

135 As for the hag, you can’t see her,

But hark! you can hear her black cat’s purr,

And now and then, as a car goes by,

You may catch a gleam from her wicked eye.

Often you’ve looked on a rushing train,

140 But just what moved it was not so plain.

It could n’t be those wires above,

For they neither could pull nor shove;

Where was the motor that made it go
 You could n't guess, *but now you know.*

145 Remember my rhymes when you ride again
 On the rattling rail by the broomstick train !

UNDER THE WASHINGTON ELM, CAMBRIDGE.¹

APRIL 27, 1861.

Eighty years have passed, and more,
 Since under the brave old tree
 Our fathers gathered in arms, and swore
 They would follow the sign their banners bore,
 5 And fight till the land was free.

Half of their work was done,
 Half is left to do, —
 Cambridge, and Concord, and Lexington !
 When the battle is fought and won,
 10 What shall be told of you ?

Hark ! — 't is the south-wind moans, —
 Who are the martyrs down ?
 Ah, the marrow was true in your children's bones
 That sprinkled with blood the cursèd stones
 15 Of the murder-haunted town !

¹ The old elm is still standing (1902), but its age and feebleness are painfully apparent in its crippled branches and diminished spread. On a granite tablet beneath its bandaged limbs is the following inscription : " Under this tree Washington first took command of the American army, July 3, 1775."

What if the storm-clouds blow ?
What if the green leaves fall ?
Better the crashing tempest's throe
Than the army of worms that gnawed below ;
20 Trample them one and all !

Then, when the battle is won,
And the land from traitors free,
Our children shall tell of the strife begun
When Liberty's second April sun
25 Was bright on our brave old tree !

FREEDOM, OUR QUEEN.

LAND where the banners wave last in the sun,
Blazoned with star-clusters, many in one,
Floating o'er prairie and mountain and sea ;
Hark ! 't is the voice of thy children to thee !

5 Here at thine altar our vows we renew
Still in thy cause to be loyal and true, —
True to thy flag on the field and the wave,
Living to honor it, dying to save !

Mother of heroes ! if perfidy's blight
10 Fall on a star in thy garland of light,
Sound but one bugle-blast ! Lo ! at the sign
Armies all panoplied wheel into line !

Hope of the world ! thou hast broken its chains, —
Wear thy bright arms while a tyrant remains,
15 Stand for the right till the nations shall own
Freedom their sovereign, with Law for her throne !

Freedom! sweet Freedom! our voices resound,
 Queen by God's blessing, unsceptred, uncrowned!
 Freedom, sweet Freedom, our pulses repeat,
 20 Warm with her life-blood, as long as they beat!

Fold the broad banner-stripes over her breast, —
 Crown her with star-jewels Queen of the West!
 Earth for her heritage, God for her friend,
 She shall reign over us, world without end!

THE FLOWER OF LIBERTY.

WHAT flower is this that greets the morn,
 Its hues from Heaven so freshly born?
 With burning star and flaming band
 It kindles all the sunset land:
 5 Oh tell us what its name may be, —
 Is this the Flower of Liberty?
 It is the banner of the free,
 The starry Flower of Liberty!

In savage Nature's far abode
 10 Its tender seed our fathers sowed;
 The storm-winds rocked its swelling bud,
 Its opening leaves were streaked with blood,
 Till lo! earth's tyrants shook to see
 The full-blown Flower of Liberty!
 15 Then hail the banner of the free,
 The starry Flower of Liberty!

Behold its streaming rays unite,
 One mingling flood of braided light, —
 The red that fires the Southern rose,
 20 With spotless white from Northern snows,

And, spangled o'er its azure, see
 The sister Stars of Liberty!
 Then hail the banner of the free,
 The starry Flower of Liberty!

25 The blades of heroes fence it round,
 Where'er it springs is holy ground;
 From tower and dome its glories spread;
 It waves where lonely sentries tread;
 It makes the land as ocean free,
 30 And plants an empire on the sea!
 Then hail the banner of the free,
 The starry Flower of Liberty!

Thy sacred leaves, fair Freedom's flower,
 Shall ever float on dome and tower,
 35 To all their heavenly colors true,
 In blackening frost or crimson dew, —
 And God love us as we love thee,
 Thrice holy Flower of Liberty!
 Then hail the banner of the free,
 40 The starry FLOWER OF LIBERTY!

UNION AND LIBERTY.

FLAG of the heroes who left us their glory,
 Borne through their battle-fields' thunder and
 flame,
 Blazoned in song and illumined in story,
 Wave o'er us all who inherit their fame
 Up with our banner bright,
 Sprinkled with starry light,
 Spread its fair emblems from mountain to shore,

While through the sounding sky
Loud rings the Nation's cry, —
10 UNION AND LIBERTY! ONE EVERMORE!

Light of our firmanent, guide of our Nation,
Pride of her children, and honored afar,
Let the wide beams of thy full constellation
Scatter each cloud that would darken a star!
15 Up with our banner bright, etc.

Empire unsceptred! what foe shall assail thee,
Bearing the standard of Liberty's van?
Think not the God of thy fathers shall fail thee,
Striving with men for the birthright of man!
20 Up with our banner bright, etc.

Yet, if by madness and treachery blighted,
Dawns the dark hour when the sword thou must
draw,
Then with the arms of thy millions united,
Smite the bold traitors to Freedom and Law!
25 Up with our banner bright, etc.

Lord of the Universe! shield us and guide us,
Trusting Thee always, through shadow and sun!
Thou hast united us, who shall divide us?
Keep us, oh keep us the MANY IN ONE!
30 Up with our banner bright,
Sprinkled with starry light,
Spread its fair emblems from mountain to shore,
While through the sounding sky
Loud rings the Nation's cry, —
35 UNION AND LIBERTY! ONE EVERMORE!

GOD SAVE THE FLAG!

WASHED in the blood of the brave and the blooming,
Snatched from the altars of insolent foes,
Burning with star-fires but never consuming,
Flash its broad ribbons of lily and rose.

5 Vainly the prophets of Baal would rend it,
Vainly his worshippers pray for its fall;
Thousands have died for it, millions defend it,
Emblem of justice and merey to all:

Justice that reddens the sky with her terrors,
10 Mercy that comes with her white-handed train,
Soothing all passions, redeeming all errors,
Sheathing the sabre and breaking the chain.

Borne on the deluge of old usurpations,
Drifted our Ark o'er the desolate seas,
15 Bearing the rainbow of hope to the nations.
Torn from the storm-cloud and flung to the
breeze!

God bless the Flag and its loyal defenders,
While its broad folds o'er the battle-field wave,
Till the dim star-wreath rekindle its splendors,
20 Washed from its stains in the blood of the
brave!

A SUN-DAY HYMN.

LORD of all being! throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and star;

Centre and soul of every sphere,
Yet to each loving heart how near !

5 Sun of our life, thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day ;
Star of our hope, thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.

Our midnight is thy smile withdrawn ;
10 Our noontide is thy gracious dawn ;
Our rainbow arch thy mercy's sign ;
All, save the clouds of sin, are thine !

Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,
15 Before thy ever-blazing throne
We ask no lustre of our own.

Grant us thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for thee,
Till all thy living altars claim
20 One holy light, one heavenly flame !



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